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Saturday September 5 1998

Also check D 5.50
Albania US\$ 5.50
Andorra FF 10
Austria S 13.76
Belgium BF 36
Bulgaria LV 2.50
Canada C\$ 3.35
Czechia CZ 12.50
Cyprus C\$ 1.00
Denmark DK 10.66
Estonia EEK 3.36
Finland FM 5
France FF 12
Germany DM 3.50
Greece D 200
Hong Kong HK\$ 25
Hungary F 200
Ireland P 10
Israel NIS 18.50
Italy L 3,500
Japan Y 100
Korea W 100
Latvia L 100
Lithuania L 100
Luxembourg F 40
Malta M 200
Mauritius M 200
Netherlands G 4.25
Norway NK 18
Oman O 1.00
Poland Z 20
Portugal E 200
Romania R 20
Russia R 20
Saudi Arabia R 10
Singapore S 25
Slovakia S 25
Slovenia S 25
Spain P 166.64
Sweden SK 17
Switzerland F 2.00
Taiwan T 20
Thailand B 5.50
Turkey TL 170,000
USA US\$ 5.00
Vietnam D 200

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INTERNATIONAL

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Verdict from Hong Kong

Patten's book

Saturday Review page 13

Books

New fiction special: Julian Barnes, Ben Elton, Ian McEwan, Peter Preston

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England v. Sweden

Owen ready to rock and roll

Sport, pages 19-24

Democrat ally launches lethal attack on 'immoral behaviour' Clinton forced to say sorry

Martin Kettle in Washington and John Martin in Dublin

PRESIDENT Bill Clinton was finally forced to say he was sorry yesterday about his relationship with Monica Lewinsky after a devastating personal attack by one of his closest political allies.

In Dublin the president was compelled to respond to overnight criticism from one of his normally unwavering supporters, the Democratic senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut, who called Mr Clinton's conduct immoral and harmful and said it

required "some measure of public rebuke and accountability".

The remarks — and the reaction in Washington — put the White House on high alert against further damage to Mr Clinton's battered reputation as the presidential party heads home.

Mr Lieberman is a leading "New Democrat" who has supported the president's attempt to reposition the party, and his speech, delivered in measured tones in the United States Senate, could be a turning-point in Mr Clinton's struggle to retain office.

Mr Lieberman said Mr Clinton's private conduct had "profound public consequences" and that his "extra-

marital relations with an employee half his age" were "not just inappropriate" — the word used by Mr Clinton during his August 17 broadcast — "but immoral".

Presidential aides had struggled to deter Mr Lieberman from delivering his 24-minute speech while Mr Clinton was away in Russia and Ireland, and the White House chief of staff, Erskine Bowles, made several private appeals to him not to advocate a motion of censure of the president.

Mr Lieberman stopped short of that, arguing that it was "premature" to prejudge the findings of Kenneth Starr, the independent prosecutor. However, in asserting that

Congress could ultimately pass "a resolution of reprimand or censure of the president for his misconduct", Mr Lieberman fired a warning shot that prompted Mr Clinton's immediate response in Dublin.

The comments were endlessly replayed on US television yesterday. During a photo session with the Irish prime minister, Bertie Ahern, Mr Clinton, who was clearly ill at ease, told reporters: "Basically, I agree with what he [Senator Lieberman] said. I have already said that. I made a bad mistake. It's indefensible and I am sorry about that."

Shortly afterwards Mr Clinton repeated the apology, say-

ing: "I can't disagree with anyone else who wants to be critical of what I've already acknowledged is inappropriate. There's nothing that he or anyone else can say in a personally critical way that I don't imagine I would disagree with, since I have already said it myself, to myself, and I am very sorry about it, but there's nothing else I can say."

The White House spokesman, Mike McCurry, later seemed to signal that Mr Clinton may now attempt to calm his congressional critics by regular expressions of contrition.

"I think the president clearly does not believe that one conversation, one state-

ment, one speech is going to be sufficient in addressing this matter the way he wants to, and he intends to keep addressing it both personally and — to the degree he needs to — publicly, as he sees fit," Mr McCurry said.

As Mr Clinton prepared to enjoy his final day away from Washington today with a round of golf in County Kerry, his aides were struggling to prevent Mr Lieberman's dignified rebukes from triggering further criticisms within the Democratic Party.

However, Mr Lieberman won early support from Senate colleagues. Senator Bob Kerrey of Nebraska attacked Mr Clinton for issuing statements which "no longer con-

vey plain meaning", while Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan of New York clearly hinted that he would not be bound by party loyalty in responding to Mr Starr's long-awaited report. "It will be for us to discharge our constitutional duties," Mr Moynihan said.

Some Democratic members of the House of Representatives also increased the pressure on Mr Clinton.

Marcy Kaptur of Ohio told a local newspaper: "If he resigned tomorrow, it wouldn't be enough in my judgment. I am asking for something beyond that."

Clinton in Dublin, page 5; Leader comment, page 8

Blind date couple marry

Luke Harding

AN AUSTRALIAN couple pushed the concept of the blind date to its most surreal extreme yesterday when they got married without having previously met.

Glenn Emerton, aged 24, tied the knot with Leif Bunyan, aged 22, seconds after they had been introduced.

"God, she's beautiful," Mr Emerton declared to no one in particular immediately afterwards.

The stunt — thus far not exposed as a hoax — was arranged by a local radio station in Sydney. The station put Mr Emerton forward as "the most desperate bachelor" in town. Ms Bunyan, who works at a management training centre, was one of 300 listeners who rushed to the telephone to offer herself up as a potential bride.

Before claiming her groom, she had to survive a lie detector test and a grilling by a panel of Mr Emerton's friends, an astrologer and a psychologist.

The only direct contact came when Mr Emerton, a marketing consultant, proposed over the telephone. He then declared himself ecstatic, while his bride-to-be announced she felt "like Cinderella".

The pair had taken part in a radio promotion, called Two Strangers and a Wedding. They tied the knot at Sydney's Hilton hotel yesterday morning, in a ceremony broadcast live on the radio station, 2Day FM.

The event was not quite all it seemed. Under Australian law, marriages must normally be registered a month in advance, except in special circumstances, so the couple had to settle for a "commitment ceremony" instead.



The ultimate blind date — with the help of a lie detector, an astrologer, a psychologist and marriage at first sight
Story in column 8

PHOTOGRAPH: TORSTEN BLACKWOOD

Met accused of botched 'race murder' inquiry

Rory Carroll

ABOTCHED Metropolitan police investigation into the suspected racist murder of a black man found burning in a London street has unleashed renewed accusations that incompetence and prejudice riddle the force — despite promises not to repeat mistakes exposed by the Stephen Lawrence inquiry.

A coroner's inquest next week will question detectives over a litany of blunders which could prevent four white youths suspected of killing Michael Tachie-Menson ever being caught.

In a letter to his family, Scotland Yard admitted senior officers made fundamental errors which could doom the investigation.

Mr Tachie-Menson, aged 30, died two weeks after being found slumped on the North Circular in Edmonton, north London, in January last year.

He told hospital staff and relatives he had been attacked and set alight, but officers assumed he had tried to commit suicide. They never took a statement from him and did not seal off the scene

for 12 hours, losing forensic evidence and witnesses. Four weeks passed before an investigation was launched.

Scotland Yard said an internal review had resulted in four officers being "advised", but not disciplined, about their actions. Instructions on tightened procedures for "critical incidents" have been circulated to all Met officers.

In a letter sent to Mr Tachie-Menson's family, John Townsend, a deputy assistant commissioner, said his officers' actions in the first 12 hours after the incident were "not as thorough" as he would have wished.

Senior officers should have challenged their colleagues' assumption that the burns were self-inflicted, he said.

Staff at North Middlesex Hospital relayed the victim's claim that he had been attacked. "However, it was not acted upon," he said.

A message that the injuries were possibly life-threatening were recorded on the incident log as not life-threatening.

Mr Townsend said that even if the scene had been forensically preserved it was "unlikely" any useful evidence would have been found. The decision not to take a

statement was made on medical advice.

Mr Tachie-Menson's family said they were disgusted at the police's failure to investigate and "insensitivity towards the family — accusations levelled at the force during the Stephen Lawrence inquiry, which ended in July.

Stephen's father Neville will attend next week's inquest at Hoxney, north London. Shresh Grover, of the Stephen Lawrence Family Campaign, said the parallels were striking.

"In each case the police didn't do anything until time was lost. They did not see that they were racially motivated. Now in this case they're in the process of retiring those involved, just like they did before."

"What's really shocking is that this case has been going on during the Stephen Lawrence inquiry. It shows that on the ground nothing has been improved. Statements were not matched up by deeds."

After the first 12 months of the investigation, a number of people were questioned and arrests made, but no charges were brought.

After studying electronic turn to page 2, column 7

Tedious career of master fraudster ends in prison

Rory Carroll

A FOOTNOTE in the annals of 20th century master-criminals was written yesterday with the end of David England's career and the birth of his legend — the pipe and slippers fraudster.

So staggeringly boring was his life that its details will forever overshadow his work. The proceeds of one of Britain's biggest bank scams funded underwear, herbal tea, and a veggie food, stamps and taxis.

Operating more than 100 bogus accounts and committing 30,000 crimes drained fun, glamour and variety, leaving England, aged 44, to work 12-hour solitary days.

Setting up nine aliases didn't offer much of a double-life since he usually posed as an accountant. He also posed as a geologist.

A three-year grind of inventing references, people and businesses netted 277,000 with another 244,000 on credit. England didn't smoke, drink, gamble or own a car — despite obtaining 10 driving li-



David England: Pipe and slippers fraudster

He broke the monotony with tea and snacks and taxi rides — enough to take him round the world twice — to collect post from his addresses, visiting cash-points, applying for loans and paying money into accounts to sustain the paper-trail.

The epic juggle ended when a bank ran a check. His last visit was to the Lloyds branch in Hassocks, West Sussex, when the men in suits turned out to be CID.

"He greeted it in some sense with a degree of relief," said Paul Oxn, defending his client at Lewes crown court, East Sussex.

"He had begun to lead a solitary life and social contact was too risky, and the family imploded. He discovered he did not greatly cherish this great deal of money."

He was arrested in June two days before he was due to fly to the Philippines to join his wife and four children. His target had been to amass \$1 million and flee.

Police branded him the pipe and slippers fraudster. Yesterday he was jailed for five years.

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Male 35 next birthday non-smoker — monthly premiums				
Sum assured (£100,000)	Per Annum	Total paid over 20 year term	Saving with Direct Line	
Direct Line	£202.20	£4044.00	-	
Abbey National Life	£272.64	£5452.80	£1408.80	
Nationwide Life	£294.00	£5880.00	£1836.00	

Source: Life and Pensions MoneyFacts — July 1998



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Regional chiefs offer Yeltsin lifeline

James Meek in Moscow

RUSSIA'S regional leaders came to the rescue of the beleaguered president, Boris Yeltsin, yesterday when they threw their weight behind his candidate for prime minister, Viktor Chernomyrdin.

The provincial governors and regional council leaders who sit in the upper house of parliament voted by 91-17 to support Mr Chernomyrdin's candidacy after he promised to settle the economic crisis by printing roubles and introducing an ill-defined "economic dictatorship" on January 1.

The vote was non-binding but was enough to force the state Duma, the lower house of parliament which had been expected to reject Mr Chernomyrdin for a second time yesterday, to postpone their decision until Monday.

Mr Chernomyrdin's opponents in the Duma, led by the Communists and the liberal Yabloko movement, still breathed defiance yesterday. But they were clearly shaken by the scale of support for the president's man among the elected regional bosses.

Mr Yeltsin's camp seized the initiative by persuading Duma party leaders to attend a "round table" with the president in the run-up to Monday's vote and making a fresh offer to shed some presidential powers in parliament's hands.

"We do not and will not believe the president," the Communist leader, Gennady Zyuganov, said after the Duma's retreat yesterday. "But the sit-

uation in the country is such that we must see if he has anything new to say."

Another fact counting against the Communists is that they have so far refused to nominate their own candidate to head a government. Mr Zyuganov has said he does not want to be prime minister, and has named as acceptable only regional leaders who are no more willing to take responsibility for Russia's economic disaster.

Mr Chernomyrdin offered a confused package of crisis measures in his speech to the upper house yesterday, apparently conflating two opposing economic approaches to propose an expansionary monetary policy, a stable rouble, a clampdown on debtors, protectionism and tax cuts.

The rouble continued its fall yesterday. Exchange booths were offering up to 16 roubles to the dollar, almost three times the rate in mid-August. Scuffles broke out near one booth as a hawk market currency trader was caught trying an old bill-switching swindle not seen in Moscow since the early 1990s.

The crisis spread to Russia's neighbours when Ukraine, the second-biggest former Soviet republic, devalued its currency, the hryvna. There was panic buying of dollars in Moldova, and a collapse of the local currency in Belarus, where neo-Soviet policies have long been in force.

Caught out, page 6; Martin Woolacott, page 8; Radical remedy for Russia, page 11

Workers count the cost of move to close Fujitsu microchip plant

Factory's workforce faces up to a change in lifestyle as hopes crumble

Peter Hetherington reports

NO ONE was prepared for such a sudden death after being assured only days ago that new life was being pumped into their gleaming white factory.

Rob Lothian, his girlfriend Jacqui Milford, organised their five day honeymoon in Paris this month on the strength of it.

Gary Carney booked his holiday in Ibiza next week after being told by bosses that Fujitsu Microelectronics Ltd was committed to its seven-year-old Newton Aycliffe plant, while Wayne Harris placed his faith in Japanese sincerity.

Last night, as workers, who were earning around £17,000 a year, trickled out of a microchip plant that was supposed to herald a bright new future for the North-East — particularly for Tony Blair's Sedgfield constituency — they all agreed: "It's like a bereavement, losing a job after being told days ago it was safe."

This was no ordinary closure. No time for the 600 workers to grieve. Although they were served with 90-day redundancy notices, production of semiconductors ended last night. Many will get out as quickly as possible, in search of the knowledge that someone with seven years' service at Fujitsu will get seven months' pay; those with two years will get three months.

That does little to reassure Mr Lothian, a process engineer, who, along with Miss Milford, has a £57,000 mortgage. "If I don't get another job I'll lose my house."

The couple, who live in a new semi on the outskirts of Newton Aycliffe, are getting married in three weeks. They have invited 75 guests to the wedding and booked a honeymoon in Paris at a cost of £1,000, which they are trying to cancel.

Jacqui, also 30, a customer services manager with a mo-

bile phone company, added: "It was to have been a dream holiday but we'll now have to make strict economies. I just hope we can get our money back for the honeymoon."

Mr Carney, although "devastated" by the news, was trying to be upbeat. "I'm still going to Ibiza, although I'm worried about debts when I return." He had given up a job with an electrical engineering company for Fujitsu on the grounds "that it offered a high degree of job security."

Mr Harris, 32, is already making plans for a quick exit. "I'm not going to wait until 600 come out of this place at the same time," he said, after blaming "poor English management" for destroying the factory. "There was nothing wrong with the Japanese, they were good people to work for."

He felt the Government was too obsessed with an eco-

nomie policy geared to the service industries of the South-east rather than the manufacturing heartlands of the North.

Fifty per cent of Sedgfield's workers are employed in manufacture, double the national average.

David Evans, another young worker, said he still couldn't take in the impact of closure. "My girlfriend first told me and I didn't believe her."

Outside the main entrance, John Evans, the plant's external relations manager, acknowledged that staff had been told only recently that the plant was secure following the closure of the Siemens complex 20 miles north on Tyneside. "They were accurate and valid at the time. This is all very sad, but we are living in the real world."



The factory, which stopped production last night

PHOTOGRAPH: CARL RUTHERFORD

Police botch killing inquiry

Continued from page one

engineering. Mr Tachie-Menson became a musician and lead singer with the band Double Trouble, which reached number two in the charts 10 years ago.

He was treated for depression in 1985 after the collapse of his recording studio business and the repossession of his home.

Detectives' belief that he had tried to commit suicide strengthened after a nurse said he was mentally ill. He was believed to be travelling to his sister's house in north London when the incident happened at around 1.30 am on January 28. His brother, Kwesi, said the family was certain that the attack had taken place. "He told us four white guys had done it. They didn't say anything and he didn't know them, but he said they were young."

Kwesi said yesterday: "I am disgusted by the way police reacted. It's totally inexplicable. We've been pressing for a full investigation since it happened."

At next week's inquiry Kwesi expects to dispute a detective's claim that he blocked an interview with his brother. "Just told him to be sensitive, and he walked out of the hospital without taking a statement," said Kwesi.

The family moved from Ghana to Britain in 1981. Kwesi was appointed to the London embassy. He died eight years ago and their mother returned to Ghana, leaving Michael and 10 brothers and sisters.

UK still attracts foreign money in key industrial sectors

Nicholas Barnister

BIG INVESTMENT projects overseas are always a tempting target for company directors faced with

columns of red ink and an urgent need to cut costs. Britain, which aggressively sought big inward investment projects during the Thatcher and Major years, is now counting on the cost. Siemens, Hyundai

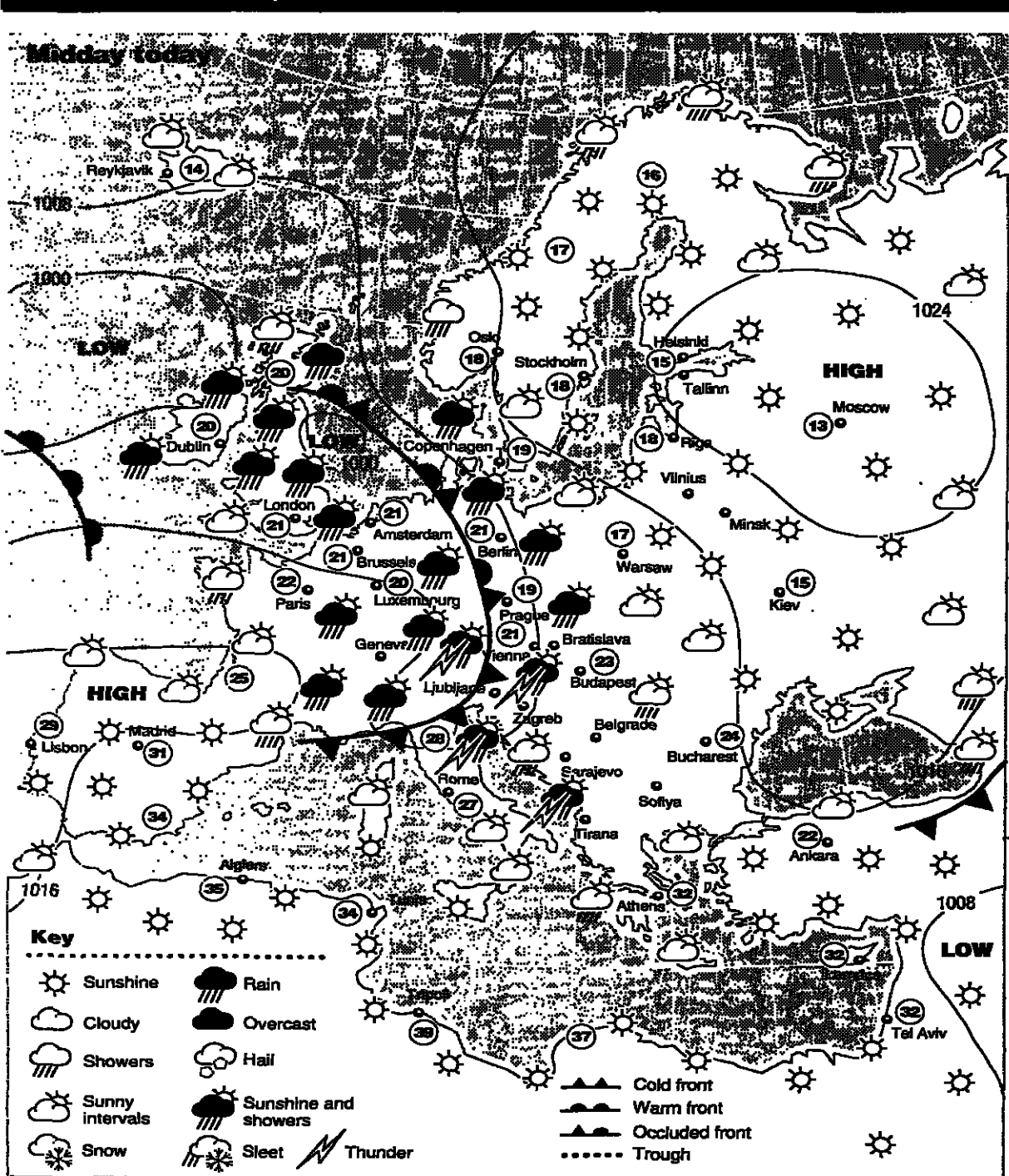
and now Fujitsu have already started to close or halt construction of large electronics plants in the UK which would have created 3,600 jobs. New plants had been built to cope with an expected boom in de-

mand for computer chips, but it never materialised. The collapse of the Far East economies led to a sharp fall in demand, causing overcapacity and plunging prices.

Foreign companies are still

lining up to buy British businesses. Volkswagen paid \$470 million for Rolls-Royce Motor Cars earlier this year, and yesterday a US company bid \$221 million for TFL, the former Thorn Lighting Group.

The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

Today	Tomorrow
Algeria 35-20 S	Algeria 35-20 S
Amman 35-20 S	Amman 35-20 S
Amsterdam 15-13 S	Amsterdam 15-13 S
Antwerp 15-13 S	Antwerp 15-13 S
Athens 25-14 S	Athens 25-14 S
Berlin 20-14 S	Berlin 20-14 S
Bombay 30-24 S	Bombay 30-24 S
Buenos Aires 25-14 S	Buenos Aires 25-14 S
Calcutta 30-24 S	Calcutta 30-24 S
Cairo 30-24 S	Cairo 30-24 S
Canton 25-14 S	Canton 25-14 S
Cebu 25-14 S	Cebu 25-14 S
Colon 25-14 S	Colon 25-14 S
Hankow 25-14 S	Hankow 25-14 S
Hong Kong 25-14 S	Hong Kong 25-14 S
Kobe 25-14 S	Kobe 25-14 S
London 15-13 S	London 15-13 S
Madras 30-24 S	Madras 30-24 S
Manila 25-14 S	Manila 25-14 S
Moscow 15-13 S	Moscow 15-13 S
Paris 15-13 S	Paris 15-13 S
Rangoon 30-24 S	Rangoon 30-24 S
Shanghai 25-14 S	Shanghai 25-14 S
Singapore 30-24 S	Singapore 30-24 S
Tientsin 25-14 S	Tientsin 25-14 S
Yokohama 25-14 S	Yokohama 25-14 S

Around the world

Today	Tomorrow
Algeria 35-20 S	Algeria 35-20 S
Amman 35-20 S	Amman 35-20 S
Amsterdam 15-13 S	Amsterdam 15-13 S
Antwerp 15-13 S	Antwerp 15-13 S
Athens 25-14 S	Athens 25-14 S
Berlin 20-14 S	Berlin 20-14 S
Bombay 30-24 S	Bombay 30-24 S
Buenos Aires 25-14 S	Buenos Aires 25-14 S
Calcutta 30-24 S	Calcutta 30-24 S
Cairo 30-24 S	Cairo 30-24 S
Canton 25-14 S	Canton 25-14 S
Cebu 25-14 S	Cebu 25-14 S
Colon 25-14 S	Colon 25-14 S
Hankow 25-14 S	Hankow 25-14 S
Hong Kong 25-14 S	Hong Kong 25-14 S
Kobe 25-14 S	Kobe 25-14 S
London 15-13 S	London 15-13 S
Madras 30-24 S	Madras 30-24 S
Manila 25-14 S	Manila 25-14 S
Moscow 15-13 S	Moscow 15-13 S
Paris 15-13 S	Paris 15-13 S
Rangoon 30-24 S	Rangoon 30-24 S
Shanghai 25-14 S	Shanghai 25-14 S
Singapore 30-24 S	Singapore 30-24 S
Tientsin 25-14 S	Tientsin 25-14 S
Yokohama 25-14 S	Yokohama 25-14 S

European weather outlook

The far south-west of Norway will have some rain, and a few light showers are possible in northern Lapland. All other regions will be dry with glorious sunshine again, although it will be cool early and late. Max temps 15-20C (59-68F).

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland

A band of rain, preceded by thunderstorms, will spread eastwards across Germany, Switzerland and Austria. Sunny spells and showers will follow from the Low Countries, reaching most of western Germany by early afternoon. Max temps 15-22C.

France

The east and north-east may have some early thunder rain. Elsewhere it will be bright and breezy with sunshine and showers. The Gulf of Lions should have the best sunshine. Max temps 15-22C generally, but still up to 28C across Languedoc.

Spain and Portugal

Most parts will have a fine and hot day. The thick of any cloud will be over Galicia where a moist onshore wind will blow off the Atlantic. The rest of the country will have hot sunshine and light winds. Highs will range from 22-25C near Biscay coasts, but still up to 30C in the Quadeque basin.

Ireland

Some severe thunderstorms will spark off across the northern Apennines and Dolomites this morning. A few showers are also likely elsewhere, but Sardinia, Sicily and south-western parts of the mainland should stay dry and sunny. Max temps 24-28C in the thunders, but up to a scorching 30C in Sicily.

Greece

Heavy thunderstorms may develop across the northern mountains. Otherwise, it will be sunny and very warm with highs of 27-32C.

Television and radio — Saturday

<p>BBC 1</p> <p>8.00am The Munders, 8.45 Five News, 9.30 Saturday Afternoon, 9.45 Free Willy, 9.55 Racecars, 10.30 C Bear and Ant, 9.55 The Big Game, 10.55 Student School, 11.55 Grandstand, 6.00 News, 6.30 News, 6.55 News, 7.30 Saturday Night, 7.55 Saturday Night, 8.00 News, 8.30 News, 8.55 News, 9.00 News, 9.30 News, 9.55 News, 10.00 News, 10.30 News, 10.55 News, 11.00 News, 11.30 News, 11.55 News, 12.00 News, 12.30 News, 1.00 News, 1.30 News, 1.55 News, 2.00 News, 2.30 News, 2.55 News, 3.00 News, 3.30 News, 3.55 News, 4.00 News, 4.30 News, 4.55 News, 5.00 News, 5.30 News, 5.55 News, 6.00 News, 6.30 News, 6.55 News, 7.00 News, 7.30 News, 7.55 News, 8.00 News, 8.30 News, 8.55 News, 9.00 News, 9.30 News, 9.55 News, 10.00 News, 10.30 News, 10.55 News, 11.00 News, 11.30 News, 11.55 News, 12.00 News, 12.30 News, 1.00 News, 1.30 News, 1.55 News, 2.00 News, 2.30 News, 2.55 News, 3.00 News, 3.30 News, 3.55 News, 4.00 News, 4.30 News, 4.55 News, 5.00 News, 5.30 News, 5.55 News, 6.00 News, 6.30 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With its role in the emergence of bands and musical trends, the Hacienda secured its place in history. But it also had its dark side of drugs and guns

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS THOMOND

Clubbers mourn the Hacienda

Bulldozers are moving in on the club that spawned Madchester. But fans can't believe the party's over. **David Sharrock** reports

BERNARD Manning was its midwife; Madonna blessed it with her debut UK performance and Time Magazine dubbed it the world's most famous nightclub. But after 16 turbulent years the party at the Hacienda in Manchester is over — terminated by bulldozers and developers.

Anthony Wilson is not upset. The Mancunian music entrepreneur and television producer/presenter who co-owned the Hacienda says it is time to move on. "For there to be the next new thing the other lot have to fuck off. I'm not into museum culture — I've got hundreds of memories but it needed blowing up."

Wilson and his co-owners, the pop group New Order, have sold the Hacienda for £12 million to GR Morris Construction, and the site, a former yachting accessories factory in dingy Whitworth Street, is to be levelled and covered with smart offices.

There have been many times when the Hacienda teetered but survived and many fans cannot believe that this really is the final curtain. The fanatics swear it should be turned into a listed building and preserved as a cultural landmark.

Given the role it has played in the emergence of major rock bands — from the Smiths to Happy Mondays — and musical trends such as House, the Hacienda has secured its place in history alongside Liverpool's Cavern, where the Beatles first performed, the London Marquee and Los Angeles's Whisky A Go-Go.

But its darker side — as the increasingly violent gathering ground for Manchester's U2-touting gangs and the death place in 1989 of 16-year-old Clare Leighton, Britain's first victim of the dance drug ecstasy — will ensure that not everybody will mourn its demise.

The Hacienda always aimed to displease, which is why in

a moment of post-modernist inspired irony, the foul-mouthed comedian Bernard Manning was booked to play its opening night in May 1982. "I've played some right dums in my time, but this is really something," Manning observed from the stage before exiting early. On another evening clubbers were showered with chicken giblets wrapped in gay pornographic material.

The Hacienda's high-point arrived in the late 1980s with the importation from Chicago of a new kind of dance music and with it the birth of the mythical court of Madchester, where bands such as Inspiral Carpets and the Stone Roses strutted and posed like demented courtiers. England's third city was at the centre of a global media feeding-frenzy, and Wilson loved every minute of it.

"I remember Friday nights when after doing my TV show I would drive to the airport to meet musicians and people who were coming in from all over the place just to be in the Hacienda and I would drive them there and walk them in, past the crowds and queues fighting to get in, into this Valhalla. It was quite remarkable."

One night he was in the basement bar with music pro-

ducer Arthur Baker. "It was 4 am and he was leaning against a pillar staring at me and he goes, 'This is the best party I've ever been to!' That meant a lot to me, especially as he was a New Yorker."

Looking back, it seems incredible that the Hacienda always seemed to be one step away from the poorhouse, but Wilson ascribes some of that to what he laughingly calls "extravagant business practices". He and his business partners were artists. They never thought of cashing in on the club's success and selling merchandise to the besotted punters. Similarly, when the Smiths played at the Hacienda still unsigned, Wilson's record label Factory passed up the opportunity to record arguably the most important and certainly one of the most successful bands of the 1990s.

In May 1990 the club was given six months to sort out its drugs problems and a year later closed again — voluntarily this time — for six weeks after a gun incident. Ironically, the Hacienda seemed to be finding its feet again last year, with regulars saying that Saturday night was as good as it had been in the previous decade, when the police came knocking once again. A magistrate in

the company of police officers witnessed an attack on a clubber. Wilson and his partners gave in.

Jeremy Patterson, a record label manager, said the closure was a loss to the city. "It was like a church, there was an atmosphere to the place inside that great industrial space. For a club to survive 15 years and go through so many guises is amazing, but it's probably best that it's gone. It told the story of popular

music of that period."

Perhaps all is not lost. With the current success of films about clubs, notably *The Last Days of Disco* based on New York's Studio 54, there are rumours that a major company is about to commit the story of the Hacienda to celluloid. The only problem is that the famous building, now waiting for the wreckers and sadly decorated with flyposters, will no longer be standing for the cameras to record.

Relatives fly out to scene of disaster

Helen Carter and Claire Doolie in Geneva

THE relatives of the 229 victims of the Swissair crash were offered one-off payments of more than £12,000 yesterday as many flew out to the accident scene in Canada.

A special Airbus from Switzerland arrived at Halifax, Nova Scotia, last night with 95 relatives on board. They were hoping to identify their family members who died in the worst air crash in Swiss aviation history.

The Britons on board flight 111 from New York to Geneva were named as Norman Scouler, from Bramhall, Greater Manchester, Olivier Jackman, Heidi Retschener, Keith Abernethy, Stephanie Shaw and Joyce Ratnavale, whose Sri-Lankan born husband Victor, also died.

Mr and Mrs Ratnavale were returning home to Geneva after a month-long stay with relatives. Other victims include a member of the Saudi royal family and 10 United Nations officials.

The offer of 30,000 Swiss francs was not unprecedented. In addition to the payment, Swissair offered counselling and hotel accommodation for the relatives close to the crash site.

David Learmonth, operations and safety manager at Flight International magazine, said the cash was part of the airline's contingency arrangements in the event of disaster.

"When there are accidents, you can almost hear the switches clicking into action," he said. "In the event of disaster, the airline is trying to limit the human misery for the relatives as much as possible."

Three years ago, the airline's trade association the In-

ternational Air Transport Association (IATA), agreed a package of compensation measures for victims of crashes and their families, which ends the need to prove negligence.

The agreement, signed by the major European and American airlines, was described by its director general Pierre Jeannot as "a concrete response to a perceived consumer need".

A spokesman for IATA said yesterday's offer by Swissair was in no way intended to be an offer of compensation, but was merely a one-off ex gratia payment for the victims' relatives.

The family members who flew to Canada yesterday were accompanied by airline staff who are specialists in counselling.

Swissair spokesman Jean Claude Donzel said the company's first priority was the welfare of the bereaved.

The stricken aircraft, a MD-11 wide body plane, was 10 minutes away from safety at Halifax airport when it disappeared from radar screens on Wednesday night.

The pilot had reported smoke in the cockpit. About 70 bodies have been retrieved from the Atlantic, where the plane broke up into jigsaw-sized pieces and the search was continuing for the other victims.

Investigators were trawling through the crash area searching for the black box flight recorder, containing vital data.

A Glasgow-bound aircraft, with 217 passengers on board, had to divert to Labrador in eastern Canada yesterday after the crew "reported smoke in the cockpit".

The Canada-based Royal Air Boeing 757 put down safely at 5 Wing air force base in Goose Bay, having taken off from Toronto.



Comedian Bernard Manning, left, opened the Hacienda in a moment of post-modernist irony. Madonna, right, made her UK debut there. Manning would try to go to the Hacienda. But co-owner Anthony Wilson, above, says it is time to move on: "I've got hundreds of memories, but it needed blowing up"



Doctor to the rescue — for £540

Clare Dyer
Legal Correspondent

WHEN the pilot of a transatlantic jet appealed for a doctor to step forward to deal with an emergency, Dr John Stevens did not at first respond. As a psychiatrist, heart attacks, strokes and premature births weren't in his usual line of work.

"I sat on my hands because I felt the best doctor would be someone who deals with emergency medicine. Then the second call went out and I felt impelled to act."

Dr Stevens diagnosed a life-threatening blood clot and advised an emergency landing

in Chicago. The middle-aged woman was successfully treated and American Airlines, delighted with the happy ending, duly presented him with a complimentary bottle of champagne. So the £540 bill for his services came as something of a surprise.

The parties will meet in court next month when Dr Stevens sues the airline for refusing to pay the bill. The case will test for the first time in a British court whether an airline is liable to pay a doctor called to a fellow passenger's aid.

Dr Stevens, aged 46, is an NHS consultant psychiatrist and psychotherapist who divides his time between Springfield Hospital in South Lon-

don and Surrey Oaklands Hospital in Redhill, Surrey. He also sees private patients.

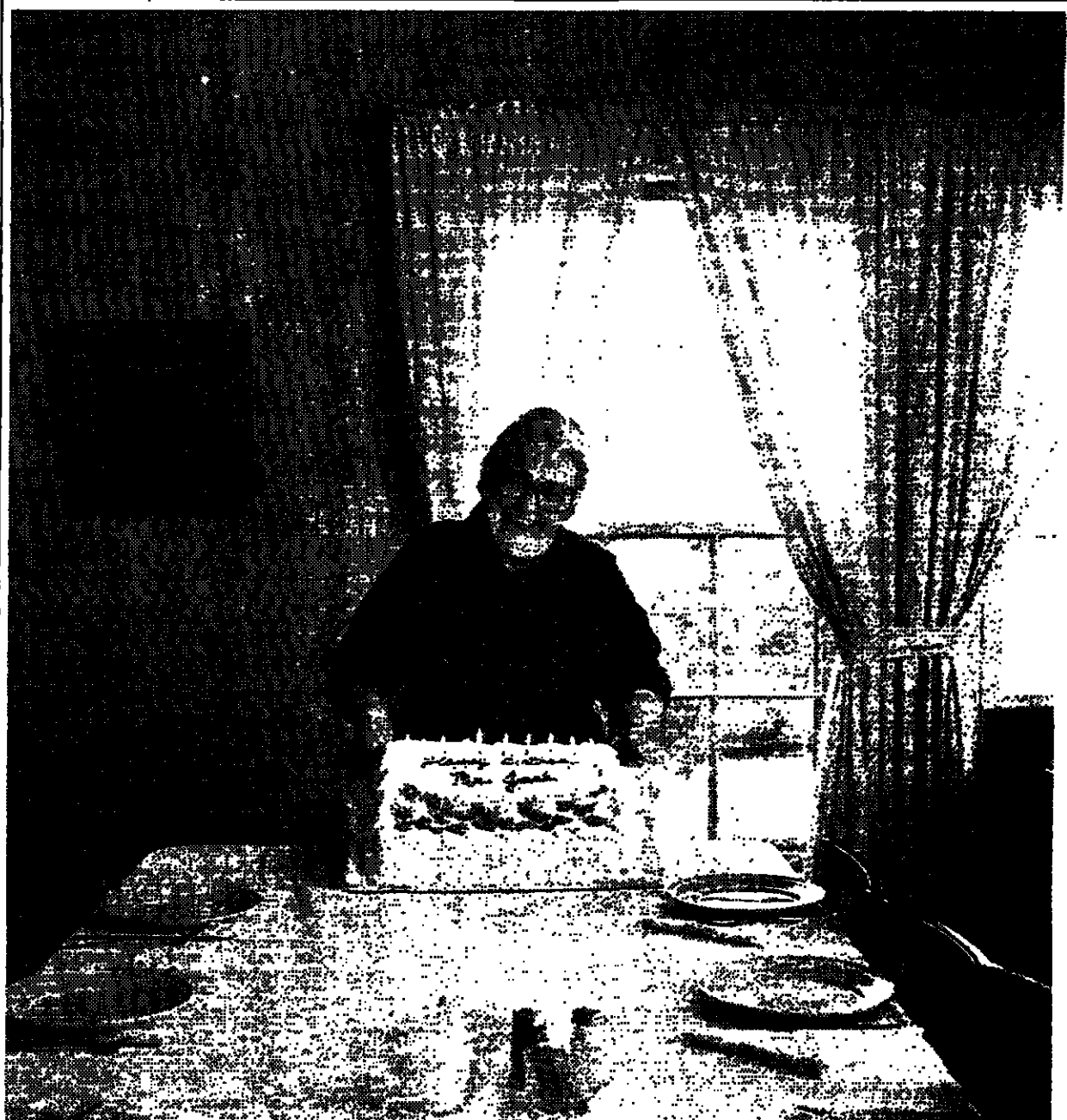
He was returning from a holiday in California in January 1997 with his wife, two children and two other relatives when the emergency arose.

Dr Stevens said the woman, a former nurse from Donegal in Eire, wanted to carry on to Heathrow. "But it would have been malpractice on my part to stand by and see her die over the North Atlantic."

On arrival at Heathrow he was given "a bottle of cheap champagne" and a month later (230) arrived at his Wimbledon home. But he had already sent in his bill for £540, charging his time at £120 an hour.

The airline refused to pay, claiming it was not company policy. So Dr Stevens, representing himself with advice from lawyer friends, sued in the small claims court. He offered to drop the case if the company donated a suitable sum to charity or gave his family a free trip to the US, but his offer was rebuffed. The hearing is set for October 7.

A spokeswoman for American Airlines insists the company offered Dr Stevens a £250 (£150) goodwill voucher, but said it was company policy not to pay doctors in these circumstances. "Our position is that it's a matter between the doctor and the patient and the fact that treatment was on our airline is incidental."



If you're a friend of Jack Daniel's, drop us a line at the Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352 USA. Or visit us at www.jackdaniels.com

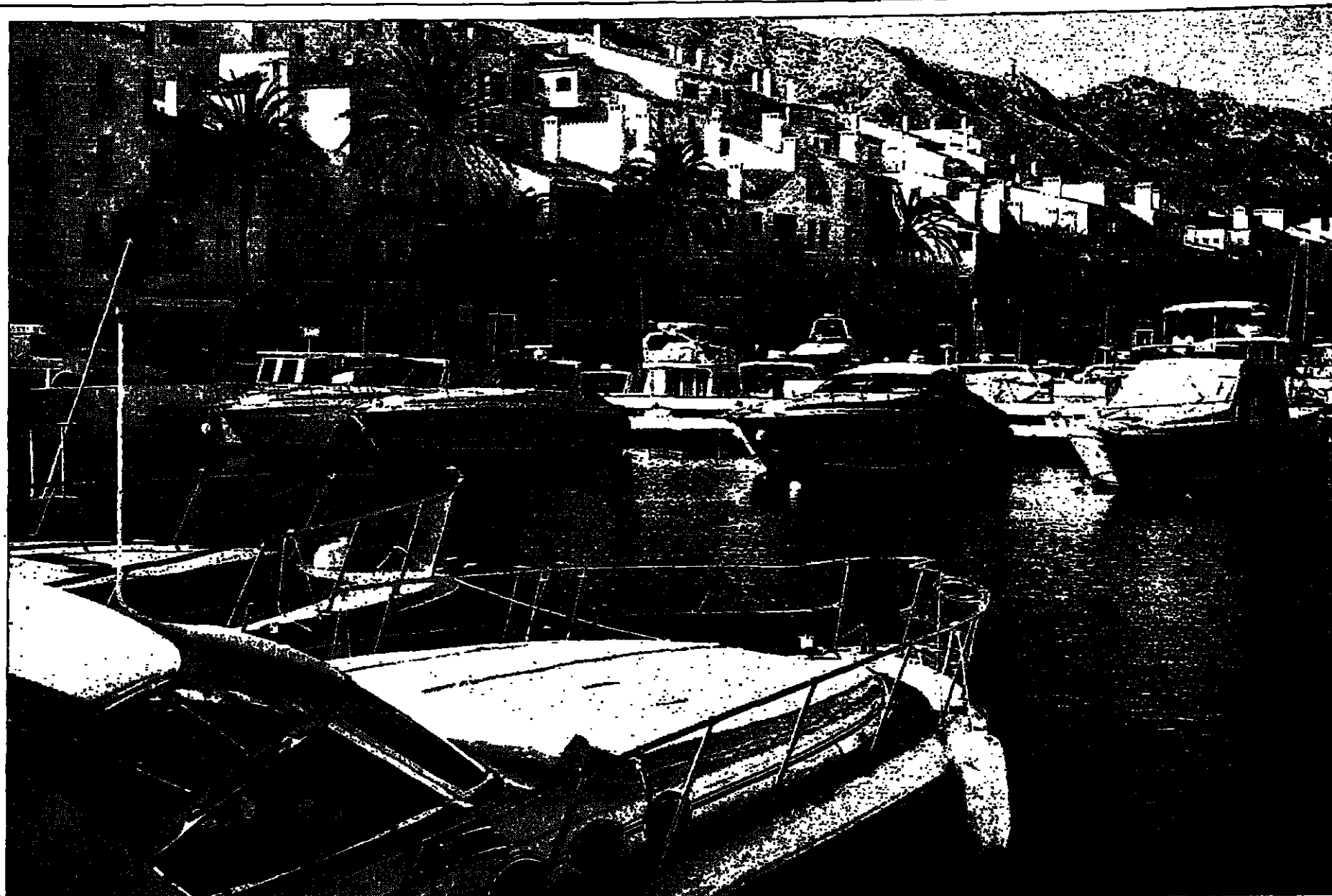
EVERY SEPTEMBER, someone in Lynchburg, Tennessee bakes Mr Jack Daniel a birthday cake. (This year, it was Margaret Tolley's turn.)

Trouble is, no one knows for sure just when Mr Jack's birthday occurs. Nobody has ever been able to hunt down the exact date. And while some claim he was born in 1846, others say it was 1850. But this minor confusion hasn't kept folks around here from celebrating our founder's birth each and every September. Like the whiskey that bears his name, that's something that won't ever change.

JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY



A week after the arrest of Kenneth Noye, **Duncan Campbell** visits Spain's Costa del Crime and finds the area's reputation is still justified



Bolt-hole in the sun... The yacht harbour at Marbella, a magnet to British criminals, where Great Train Robber Charlie Wilson was murdered

Crime is committed by mobile phone

THEY might as well have a sign round their neck saying "traffickers", says Derek Maughan, sipping a *café con leche* at El Yata in Puerto Estepona, with its view of a few million quids worth of sea-going yachting.

"They're mainly young hounds from London and Liverpool, some Scots, and they have two mobile phones each, gold chains, Jeeps, the lot," says Maughan. "They haven't learned a thing."

Maughan could well have taught them a thing or two himself. A former soldier from the north-east of England, he spent three years in jail in Spain in the 1980s for running 500 kg loads of cannabis from Morocco in Zodiac dinghies.

He's out of the game now. "They're very clever, the Spanish police. This is another mistake the hounds make. The police have had 40 years of fascism so every taxi driver, every waiter is a contact. It was much easier 15 or 20 years ago," he says. "We had faster boats than the police and they were more corrupt."

The new generation of villain, he says, is also more vulnerable for other reasons: "As soon as they're nicked, they grass on each other. They don't have a lot of style."

The arrest last weekend in Cadiz of Kenneth Noye in connection with the murder of Stephen Cameron has focused attention on the south of Spain once again, and on its old associations with the criminal classes. It was there that they flocked from 1978 when the extradition treaty which Benjamin Disraeli had helped to set up more than 100 years earlier collapsed. And it was there that hundreds of people who, if not on

the run, were at least trotting fast, holed up until extradition was re-introduced in 1985. So is the Costa del Sol still the Costa del Crime?

According to Maughan and other less outspoken souls who live in the area, it is indeed. But the new villain in the villas is younger, stupider and more violent. There is no shortage of incentives for them: "At any one time there are three tons of cannabis in La Línea," says Maughan.

Further east down the coast in Fuengirola, there is similar awareness of one of the main money-making activities. "I don't want to be obstructive but we have to live here and sitting right behind you are the Liverpool retired English resident eyeing a group of young men sitting on the beachside in the kind of dreamy landscape that Rats and Razzos as played by Dustin Hoffman in *Midnight Cowboy* fantasised about in the penultimate scene of the film. "And within where we are standing there are, what, 20 of the... er... chaps. Basically, any one you see here with a mobile phone is a criminal."

The British Consul in Malaga is the amiable Michael Bartram who has represented Her Majesty on the Costa del Sol for the last 8½ years. He estimates that there are at least 150,000 Britons for whom the area is their main home, plus countless "swallows" who come south to their beachside apartments in the winter months.

"There are a few names around you would probably be familiar with," he says of the old Costa del Crime. "But most of the people involved now are low-level delinquents with no visible means of support who manage to drive flash cars — and I don't think there's that sort of money in timeshares!"

Another expatriate, mine host at Alfie's in Fuengirola, where England fans will be watching their team take on Sweden on cable television today, says that everyone is still aware of the Costa's reputation: "No one knows anyone by their surname here."

The local authorities would

ers: "We want the kind of people who drop £100 a day on incidentals."

The villains, young and old, would seem to spend their money on more traditional incidentals. One restaurateur in Estepona recalls opening his copy of *Sur*, the local Spanish language paper, after a major drugs bust in the area and seeing the faces of a sizeable chunk of his clientele: "They were very sweet young

"They have armed road blocks," he says. "And they are obviously acting on very good information." What happens is that, in order to protect their informants, they will stop a whole procession of cars on the road and breathealyse them, even at 9 in the morning. Some local villains will pay a couple of thousand pounds to a hard-up expatriate to bring a small quantity of cannabis in and

on the beachfront. Another growing activity which has resulted this week in arrests of English citizens is the production and distribution of counterfeit currency.

"I hadn't realised how bad it was," says one former Metropolitan police officer over a glass of San Miguel outside Corries, one of the favourite haunts of Mancunians in Fuengirola. "And it's a very much younger generation now."

He says the Spanish police are well aware of who is involved, even to the extent of anchoring a boat off shore and identifying suspects through binoculars as they chat in the seafront bars.

A local singer, one of whose most requested numbers is *Desperado*, says: "You used to get a better class of criminal, if you know what I mean. The younger ones are different. There's none of that honour among thieves. One time, there was one of the young ones waving a gun in the face of one of the old ones and threatening him. So the old one shot him in the knee and said: 'If you're going to wave one of these things around, you'd better be prepared to use it.'"

The old aristocracy of crime has moved on. Charlie Wilson, the great train robber, was shot dead at his home near Marbella in 1980. The person who killed him has been bumped off in London, but the shooting cast a shadow over the area. Fellow train robber Gordon Goody lives quietly further along the coast to the east in Almería, the town made famous for younger tourists by the Pogues' song of the same name. Others of that generation run bars, reminisce, and shake their heads over the young

hounds' lack of discretion.

Clifford Saxe, a former Hackney publican and once one of the "Famous Five" sought by the British police, drinks quietly at a couple of bars in Los Boliches, an area rather tortuously nicknamed Bethnal Green in the Sun. No need to yearn for Elghty's home cooking when the Beachcomber Bar offers roast pork and stuffing when the temperature outside is only 88F and when Tetley's, "in English measures", is on sale at the Kookaburra. (One sad departure from the scene has been the stall in Puerto Banus that sold made-to-measure gold chains.)

Curtis Warren, known to frequent Calahonda, is having to make do with less sunshine. Last year he was jailed for 12 years in the Netherlands for funding one of the biggest cannabis smuggling rackets in Europe.

The British villains have been joined in recent years by Russians and a few Estonians. They arrive in Spain, according to local legend, not with snow on their boots but with suitcases bulging with hard currency.

"They're heavy, very heavy," says one Estepona expatriate of the eastern European influx. "When they kill people down here they really kill them — you know, nine bullets in the head sort of thing — and then set fire to the body." They have brought, too, according to locals, up-market prostitutes from Russia and the Baltic states whom they establish in villas and hire out to expatriates or set up in the local cabarets as lap-dancers.

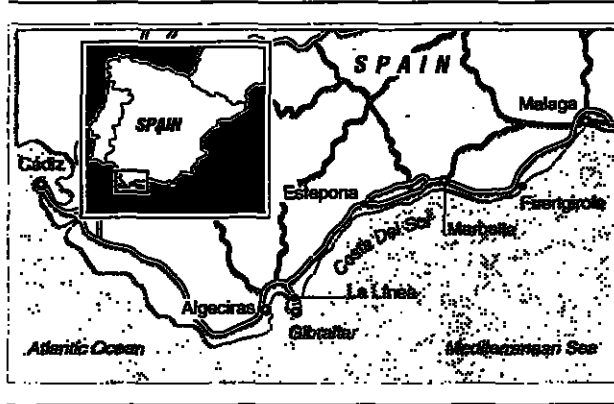
The Costa seems to have adapted to the idea that it will be associated forever with "the chaps". The first adver-

tisement in the property for sale section of the current Costa del Sol News, the local English language paper, asks: "Considering a low-cost bolt-hole?" A letter to the editor in the same publication asks for verification of a rumour: "It is reported that a gang of thieves have hijacked a van-load of Viagra. The police are believed to be searching for a gang of hardened criminals."

Perhaps the best-known of all the old villains who headed off to Spain in the 1970s was Ronnie Knight, former husband of actress Barbara Windsor. Knight returned to Britain in the company of gentlemen of the press when things got heavy in his old bolt-hole on the Costa del Sol. In 1995 he was jailed for seven years for his part in the Security Express robbery in east London. He had been on his toes for a long time protesting his innocence but eventually came back to face the music when he fell out with a number of the younger, more violent criminals on the coast.

In the first of his autobiographies — a second one, somewhat revised, has appeared this year — Knight wrote of Fuengirola: "It was Paradise Found." All that was missing was a decent Indian restaurant, which he duly set up and which last night was still offering reasonably priced chicken tikka and nan bread. His wife, Sue Haylock, is still in the area.

But with all of the violence, all of the police activity, for many who remember the Costa del Sol in quieter days, and for the younger generation of criminals who are discovering that the one property you cannot time-share in Spain is a prison cell, it now seems like *Paradise Lost*.



'As soon as they're nicked, they grass. They haven't got style'

Derek Maughan, ex-drug runner

dearly love people to associate the area with two things, neither of them crime. Hence the signs that dot the road from Malaga to Estepona proclaiming the Costa del Sol and the Costa del Golf.

Last year, 420,000 golfers checked into Costa del Sol hotels. Most of these are presumably not involved in crime unless committing grievous bodily harm against the knitwear industry counts as an offence. But it seems as though soon only those who have done a bank job may be able to afford to play. A company that runs four courses and has its eyes on more land, says of its potential custom-

people, they tipped very well and they always drank Dom Perignon; they'd even take bottles of it away with them in paper bags at the end of an evening."

The attractions of the area are obvious: cheaper accommodation, glorious sunshine and if the National Crime Squad plan a dawn swoop they would have to set off from London the night before.

Maughan says few of the villains on the coast bother to learn Spanish. "It's such a waste because they miss half of what's going on."

He also points out that the Spanish police are extremely conscious of who is ferrying dope along the coast road.

will then tip off the police about his identity so that someone carrying a larger haul for them will then get through. Some of the drugs are consumed locally by expatriates and tourists while others head north, with French criminals coming down to buy on the coast.

Maughan says that "wallies and kamikazis" slide back to London from Malaga airport. Many of them are caught.

Another popular criminal pursuit in the area now is the sale of stolen cars brought down from Belgium and Germany and for which bogus registration is easy to arrange. The local fixer for such transactions was pointed out

to the old aristocracy of crime has moved on. Charlie Wilson, the great train robber, was shot dead at his home near Marbella in 1980. The person who killed him has been bumped off in London, but the shooting cast a shadow over the area. Fellow train robber Gordon Goody lives quietly further along the coast to the east in Almería, the town made famous for younger tourists by the Pogues' song of the same name. Others of that generation run bars, reminisce, and shake their heads over the young

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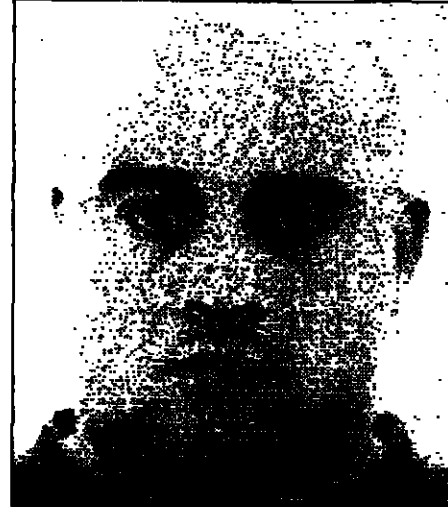
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The Costa seems to have adapted to the idea that it will be associated forever with "the chaps". The first adver-

Old Lags — or a better class of criminal



Villains abroad (clockwise): Ronnie Knight, Charlie Wilson, Curtis Warren, Gordon Goody



'Paradise Found'... Fuengirola which, according to Ronnie Knight, lacked only a decent Indian restaurant

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTOPHER PILLITZ

Consumer body raises spectre of BSE in lamb

James Melville

THE Consumers' Association last night suggested that parents might want to stop their children eating lamb as scientists stepped up research to establish whether sheep are infected with BSE.

Its director Stella McKechie called on the Department of Health to give clearer guidance on the risks involved so families could make informed choices about their diets.

The Government recently published scientific advice that there was no need to introduce further controls to protect human and animal health, but initially made no statements of its own.

Ms McKechie suggested the uncertainties had implications for young children who may never have eaten lamb.

"No one is arguing they are more susceptible [to catching the disease], but why expose them when there is no need to," she said. "We recognise parents will be particularly concerned about risks to their children and seek to reduce these below the level they would accept for themselves. It is for individuals to decide."

It was not the job of the Government's scientific advisers to "balance public health, the damage to industry and causing hysteria", she said.

"I don't want to say this is something parents should or should not do. That is the Government's job. But the sooner there is a food agency and a better way of doing it the better."

It is understood that Ms McKechie wrote privately to ministers expressing concern over the lack of easily understandable advice from the Department of Health on the issue.

But health ministers insisted there was no "scientific reason for changing or adding to the Government's advice on the risks of contracting BSE from sheep or for taking further measures to protect public health."

The Meat and Livestock Commission, an industry body, said: "The comments are unfortunate. The public could be unnecessarily alarmed by them."

Twenty-seven people are thought to have died from the human form of BSE after eating infected beef in the 1980s. Scientists have spent two years trying to establish whether sheep might have the disease too. They do suffer from a similar condition, scrapie, that is not known to have proved fatal to humans.

The Government's Spongiform Encephalopathy Advisory Committee recently said additional work on scrapie was needed after limited evidence that the disease caused by inoculating sheep with BSE appeared to be similar. It noted that no evidence of BSE had been found in commercial flocks.

The heads and spleens of all sheep and goats and the spinal cord of animals more than a year old are already removed from the food chain.

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US president predicts historic Trimble-Adams meeting and underlines global impact of peace

Clinton pledge on Ireland

John Mulvan in Dublin

BILL Clinton yesterday predicted that David Trimble, Northern Ireland's First Minister, would soon meet his political foe, Gerry Adams, the Sinn Féin president, in a breakthrough in the push for a new system of government in Northern Ireland.

Mr Clinton will meet colleagues on the 100-strong Ulster Unionist executive today to persuade them to rubber-

stamp his readiness to sit down in a historic bilateral meeting some time next week.

The summit is expected to follow Monday's meeting of Northern Ireland's parties, ostensibly to thrash out an approach to logistic arrangements in the assembly, which reconvenes in nine days.

Mr Clinton said in Dublin office, "but at least the world will be on the way to having a framework to deal with both the opportunities for peace and the challenges to security."

"If you are able to make

meeting Bertie Ahern, the Irish prime minister, said the US had a crucial role to play. It had to try to secure the end to ethnic, tribal and racial conflicts across the globe and blunt the security threats of the 21st century.

"I don't expect that either of those jobs will be completely done in 2001 when I leave office," said Mr Clinton, "but at least the world will be on the way to having a framework to deal with both the opportunities for peace and the challenges to security."

There were some signs of a backlash over his muddled reputation, but because of the Omagh bomb his itinerary in-

cluded none of the crowd-pulling events of three years ago. Mr Ahern paid tribute to the president's role in helping to secure the Good Friday Agreement, saying: "The helping hand of the United States was always there in the hour of need. There were many such hours."

Mr Clinton, who spoke at a meeting of business leaders and then visited a computer factory, returned the compliment. He said he believed the agreement would not have been possible without Mr Ahern.

● Tony Benn, the former Labour cabinet minister, yesterday accused the Government of seeking to manipulate the Queen to help rush anti-terrorism laws through Parliament. He had written to the Prime Minister, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Irvine, the Speaker, Betty Boothroyd and Buckingham Palace, to protest about broadcast reports last night when the legislation was still being debated by the House of Lords - saying the Queen had already approved the measure. Mr Benn feared the information was an attempt to influence peers.

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What sort of score should satisfy him? The Irish golfer Christy O'Connor said: "Anyone who breaks 70 here is playing better than he is able to play." If the president goes round in fewer than 90 shots he will have earned his pint of Guinness at the 19th. If he can break 80 he will feel ready for anything Kenneth Starr can throw at him, and more.

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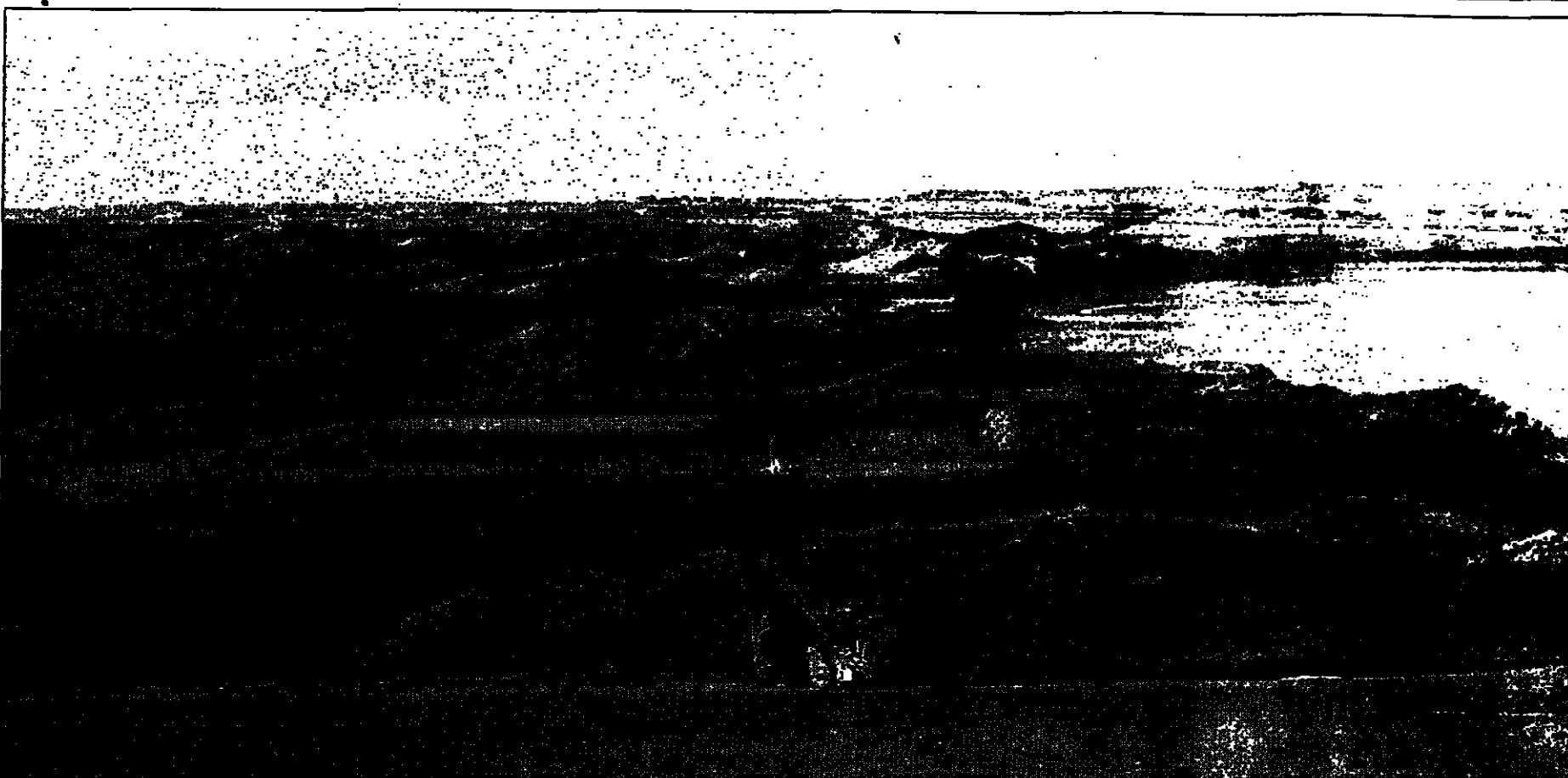
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Final touches are made to the greens at the windswept Ballybunion course ready for the presidential putter today

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALASTAIR GRANT

Minister loses dismissal case

Lucy Ward
Political Correspondent

PETER Hain, the Welsh office minister, was yesterday ordered to pay £3,000 compensation to his former secretary after a tribunal found he had dismissed her unfairly.

Donna Easter, whose post in Mr Hain's constituency office was his first full-time job, was made redundant after taking sick leave following disputes with her neighbours, which left her in need of counselling.

Mr Hain, MP for Neath and training, took on Miss Easter, aged 33, on a part-time work experience placement in 1993, employing her full-time two years later on an annual salary of £3,000.

The Cardiff tribunal heard that, when she tried to return from sick leave earlier this year, she was told that because of office reorganisation she was no longer needed and

would be made redundant. Ms Easter, a lone parent of two children, told the tribunal: "He said I shouldn't bring my problems into the office and he could no longer give me employment." She was given £500 redundancy pay, and her role was filled by two secretaries on a job-share.

The tribunal ruled that the dismissal was not a genuine redundancy, and ordered Mr Hain, who did not attend the hearing to pay compensation.

After the case, Ms Easter said: "I'm very sad that an employment minister should have caused my unemployment. I really enjoyed working for Mr Hain. I worked up until nine at night in the run up to the general election and loved it."

A spokeswoman for Mr Hain's constituency office said last night: "Mr Hain is disappointed at the decision. He had no alternative but to make her redundant after she had been bound over to keep the peace by Neath magistrates four months ago."



President Clinton... ready to be humbled and amazed

President tees up for another big challenge

Alan Rusbridger, handicap 20, got to Ballybunion golf course before Clinton and here highlights its delights and pitfalls

THE great figures of history found odd ways of relaxing in moments of crisis. Churchill would paint or build walls. Baldwin would feed his pigs. With Bill Clinton it is golf, and today he will undergo the nearest thing that game offers to a transcendental experience. He will play the Old Course at Ballybunion.

For four hours or more he will struggle with one of the toughest and most magnificent courses ever dreamed up on linksland. If there is any wind he will play to the roar of the crashing Atlantic waves. If there is wind and rain he will at times feel like Lear battered by cataracts and hurricanes. Monica will be the last thing on his mind.

The Old Course at Ballybunion has existed on this windswept corner of County Kerry for the best part of 100 years, but such

is its remoteness that it was relatively unknown until comparatively recently. Within the past 20 years the course has been "discovered" by a succession of writers and players who have returned to report on its glories and mysteries in awestruck tones.

The famous American golf writer Herb Wind pronounced it "very simply nothing less than the finest seaside course I have ever seen".

His British counterpart, the late Peter Dobson, wrote: "If sheer pleasure is the yardstick then Ballybunion gets my vote as the best course in the world."

It is now a place of pilgrimage for discerning

golfers from all over the world who wish to experience the game at its most challenging and elemental. The tension and the drama are there from the very first drive, for the opening fairway runs alongside a forbidding Victorian graveyard which will bury any slice. The president will find that the fourth, fifth and sixth holes are on the mundane side. But after that he will encounter a run of holes as varied and as glorious as any on earth.

Some holes run alongside the ocean; the 11th in particular should remain in his memory long after the Starr report lies dusty and forgotten. Others snake in-

land between dunes the size of ocean liners.

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Drunk passenger jailed

BA crew kicked and bitten during flight

Amelia Gentleman

A DRUNK passenger who kicked, headbutted and bit British Airways crew during a flight, forcing the pilot to make an emergency landing, was jailed for 15 months yesterday.

Isleworth crown court heard that Elizabeth Elliott, aged 24, of London, jammed one of the BA hostesses against a trolley when she was refused a drink. She spat at the cabin manager and forced the first officer to leave his seat in the cockpit and then headbutted him.

The pilot of the jumbo jet was so concerned about passengers' safety, after methadone was found by Elliott's seat, that he made an emergency landing at Heathrow. In the attack on June 2, Nancy Kirk, a crew member, was kicked and bitten. She has not returned to work.

The court heard that Elliott had been refused entry by US immigration officers in New York, because they did not believe she was a tourist. She drank a quarter of a bottle of whisky before boarding the flight home.

Jonathan Whitley, prosecuting, said: "During the flight she became agitated and it was noticed that she was drunk. The crew took the

decision not to serve her alcohol." When her demands for a drink were refused she demanded to be let off the plane and began fighting with other crew members, who decided to put restraints on her.

Police arrested Elliott off the flight. She pleaded guilty to endangering an aircraft and admitted two assaults causing actual bodily harm to cabin crew. The court was told her life had fallen apart after her boyfriend was killed in a road accident six years ago. She then miscarried their baby and turned to heroin.

Judge Anthony Durrant said that while taking those details into account he had to "send a message to others that they would expect a custodial sentence".

"The number of incidents involving drunken or violent passengers has increased fourfold in the past five years. A BA spokesman said: "There can never be any justification for violent actions on cabin crew, the very people responsible for ensuring safety on board."

On September 1, BA introduced a yellow card policy, he said, allowing crew to issue violent or abusive passengers and those who refuse to observe the no-smoking policy with a final warning before they are restrained.

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Tony Adams profiled

Saturday page 6

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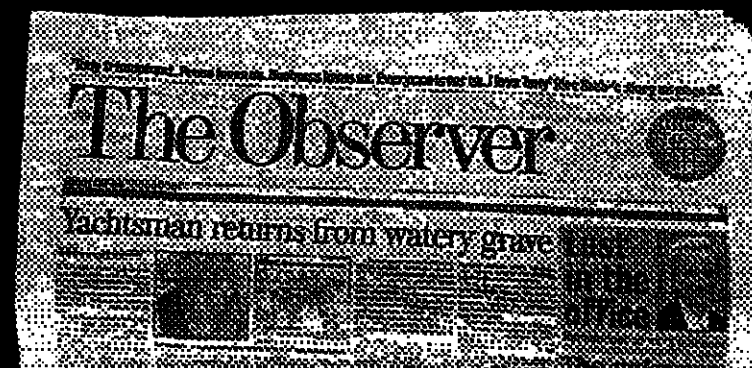
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مكتبة الجليل

Mods and dockers struggle sends Malta to the polls

The island's ruling party has split over the revival of its historic quayside. But the effect, writes **John Hooper** in Valetta, could be to put the country into Europe

A DYING sun set aglow the orange-yellow masonry of Cottonera quayside. As it sank to a Cubist's skyline of jumbled roofs on the far side of the creek, it picked out the pitted walls, chipped shutters and broken windows of the quay's elegant sandstone buildings.

A faded clock face marked seven. Groups of pensioners sat gossiping on benches at the waterfront. A pair of lads rowed past in a *luzzu*, a traditional, scimitar-proved Maltese fishing boat, hand-painted with charms against the evil eye.

Hard to imagine a calmer scene. Yet this out-of-the-way quay in a corner of the Grand Harbour is at the heart of a general election today that will decide Malta's role in Europe.

Alfred Sant's ruling Malta Labour Party (MLP), which steamrollered into office two years ago, froze the island's application to join the European Union. The leader of the rival Nationalist Party, Eddie Fenech Adami, has said he will resubmit it immediately if he is returned to the office he lost two years ago.

Cottonera quayside is the reason this snap election was called and the constituency in which it falls is expected to decide the outcome.

Cottonera is Malta's "East End": at the bottom of the creek are the Malta Dry Docks, which provide employment and income for 3,400 families in the surrounding area. In a country with a population of just 370,000, they form a huge reservoir of political power and influence. It was here that the Malta Labour Party was born: here that its best-known leader, Dom Mintoff, sought and won re-election to parliament over a period of 51 years.

Today, the dry docks are grossly over-manned. The firm's own chairman has said he needs no more than 1,500 workers for the main business of ship repair.

But no government would dare lay off the rest, and Dr Sant's administration has been trying to tackle the issue in other ways: through natural wastage, by hiring off part of the work force into activities ranging from yacht repair to the manufacture of solar water heaters and, finally, with a scheme to create a tourist marina on Cottonera's stately waterfront. The plan is to give an American-led consortium a 99-year lease on the quayside under a deal that would require it to restore the quay's neglected buildings.

It is classic industrial reconversion — for Cottonera you could read St Katherine's Dock in London — and it has brought to a head an equally classic confrontation, between new and old-style socialism.

Like Tony Blair, the Harvard-educated Dr Sant has moulded a "New Labour" movement in Malta, short on socialist ideology and class consciousness. But unlike his British counterpart, he has been harried and badgered since taking power two years ago by an ageing, infirm predecessor who, his supporters claim, stands for "True Labour".

The 62-year-old Mr Mintoff first scrapped with the present administration over this year's budget. It introduced big utility price increases that will particularly hit the poorest. But in July, he broke with the government altogether, crossing the floor of the house to register his opposition to the Cottonera project. Dr Sant thus lost his majority of one and called the election.

Mr Mintoff, who is not standing for re-election, has refused to give interviews or make statements during the campaign. But sources close to him said this week his primary concern was strategic.

The Cottonera project would be linked by foot tunnel with a proposed new cruise-ship terminal on Manoel Island and it is tied up with a plan, reported in yesterday's *Guardian*, to hand back the adjoining fortress of

St Angelo to the Knights of Malta. Mr Mintoff strenuously objects to a clause in the lease allowing the operators of the development to deny access to the area. Not even the opposition shares his fears, though, and his own party ridicules them.

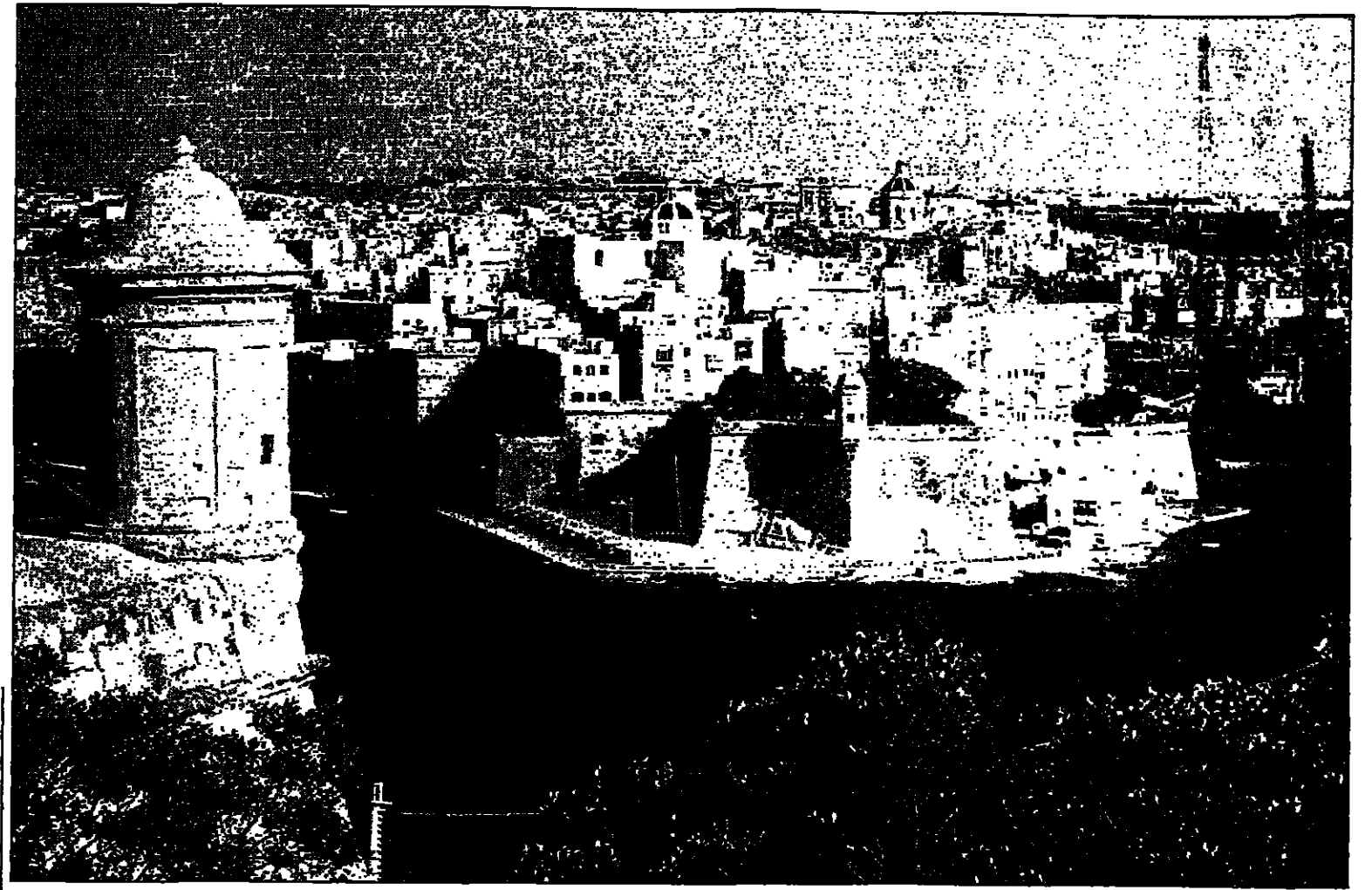
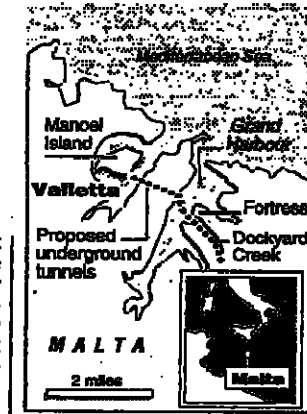
"Malta is so small that anyone who is thinking of taking over the island can do it from elsewhere," said the MLP's secretary-general, Jimmy Magro, with a smile. "People who think that way have an outdated mentality."

Behind the clash between Mr Mintoff and Labour's new leader, there is also a well-spring of hurt pride. The veteran politician's speeches to parliament before he shut himself away were shot through with resentment, some of it petty.

"The prime minister had done everything to humiliate him," a local newspaper said, quoting Mr Mintoff's complaints. "He even took six months to send him mail addressed to him received at party headquarters."

Yet this cantankerous, if emulant, octogenarian has brought New Labour Malta-style to the brink of a distinctly unBlairite reverse. To say Maltese elections were close-run would be an understatement. Earlier this week, it was reported that one candidate had gone to a hospital in his constituency late at night and walked a sedated cancer patient up and down, attached to his oxygen supply, to see if he would be fit to vote.

Maltese governments rarely win more than a one-seat majority and the voting preferences of most electors are cast in stone. A tiny movement in a key constituency can decide the outcome. There is no constituency more marginal than No 2, the area round Cottonera. Malta has multi-seat constituencies. Labour has traditionally won four of the five seats in No 2. But, notwithstanding their overall defeat in 1996, the Nationalists came within a couple of hundred votes of taking one of those four seats at the last election.



A plan to build a marina in the run-down Cottonera area of Malta's Grand Harbour (pictured) has forced today's general election. There is no constituency more marginal than that in which Cottonera falls, and it may decide the finely balanced polls

PHOTOGRAPH: JACQUES DU SORDET

Miracles still elude Mother Teresa

One year after the 'Saint of the Gutter' died, her order hopes for quick canonisation, writes **Suzanne Goldenberg** in Calcutta. But there are problems

THE thin woman presses her palms together in the traditional greeting, bows her head from the folds of an orange cotton sari. Barefoot, she circles the waist-high block of concrete in a clockwise direction. Then she falls to her knees and bends so her forehead touches the cement floor. She repeats the movement on all four sides.

In India, such tributes serve equally well at Hindu temples, Sufi Muslim shrines, ancient banyan trees, or statues of the Virgin Mary. But here, inside a grey block of a building that stands between car spares shops and the Communist Party's newspaper offices on Calcutta's Lower Circular Road, the act of worship is on behalf of a woman who lived as an icon of humility.

Mother Teresa died a year ago today, aged 87. In Calcutta there will be no memorials to mark her passing — in part because her Missionaries of Charity want it that way. She lies entombed in an antechamber of the Mother House, where they preside over a shrine with marigolds and tuberoses, and urge her fast-track canonisation.

Officially the process towards sainthood cannot begin until five years after the death of a righteous person. However, this is harder to accept in Mother Teresa's case because, in the last two decades of her life, she was constantly described as the Saint of the Gutters. The nuns say they are merely bowing to popular demand.

"Everybody is asking for it all over the world," says Sister Nirmala, her successor, who is nearly as diminutive as the stooped and wizened 87-year-old Albanian-born nun.

"We are not starting the cause. What is happening now is that we are starting the preparations for starting the cause."

The nuns have begun to gather Mother Teresa's papers as evidence of her saintliness. As she left no books or essays, they must rely on her letters, and she

rarely made copies. They are also searching for miracles, though they have had to disqualify one offered in July: a French woman badly injured in a car accident who credits her recovery to the aluminium medals Mother Teresa used to hand out.

"That was only a gradual cure," says Sister Nirmala. "Of what we have got so far, nothing qualifies as an instant physical and organic cure."

The nuns disapprove of the efforts of a Catholic school principal to dedicate a 6th bronze statue to Mother Teresa's memory today on a busy street in central Calcutta. At first the plan had the support of Calcutta's mayor, but last month the nuns intervened to block the project.



No change: Sister Nirmala, Mother Teresa's successor

claiming it had no right to raise funds in Mother Teresa's name.

Arnab Biswas, president of the rather grandly named Catholic organisations, including the All India Minority and Weaker Sections Council which embarked on the project, is incensed and has appealed to the courts to overturn the ban.

"Money can't come from heaven," he sniffs, saying people have spontaneously donated towards the \$10,000 cost of the statue.

Instead of dedicating a

statue, the nuns of Mother House will rise early, as usual, hitching up their regulation blue-trimmed white saris to draw water from the pump in the courtyard. They will hand out food to the poor who congregate outside, and retreat to spend the day in prayer.

Mr Biswas is unimpressed. "Giving food to the poor will only make them beggars. Will that solve their problems?"

It is a familiar charge. During her lifetime, Mother Teresa was attacked for refusing to address the causes of poverty. Although prominent Church figures in Calcutta had hoped change would arrive with her successor, for Sister Nirmala that is impossible.

"It has been a year of continuing," she says. "We are not running hospitals," she says, resorting to Mother Teresa's stock phrase: "Our work is for the poorest of the poor."

The Nepalese-born Sister Nirmala, who converted from Hinduism in her youth, appears content to let Mother Teresa lead from the grave.

"It is the same work, God's work," she says, her eyes made larger by gold-rimmed bifocals. "Why has there to be change? It is not like that — that if Mother Teresa is not there everything will fall down."

At Prem Niwas, the leprosy colony north of Calcutta that 40 years ago was one of Mother Teresa's earliest endeavours, the objects of the sisters' charity say they can sense no sign of her absence.

Several hobble on bandage-wrapped stumps to the hand looms that produce the blue and white saris for the order.

From his plain iron cot, Santosh Dutta, a retired mill hand, says he did not have the money for medicines at the government hospital, and his family was eager to be rid of him when the fatal sores appeared on his shins. "They didn't drag me out of the house, but they want me to stay here until I get better."

The Jesuit who was spiritual adviser to Mother Teresa, Father Camille Bouché, says the other sister nuns are at times reluctant to accept Sister Nirmala's authority. They may also be less charitable, he fears.

"I heard that when people come, they are a little quick in turning them away," he says. "I think it is true. Maybe they have lost something of their spirit."



Suzanne Goldenberg in Dhaka

AS THE floods which engulfed nearly half of Bangladesh yesterday, the government said it was facing a calamity of epic proportions, even for a country which is no stranger to natural disaster.

"This kind of flood never happened in Bangladesh, although flooding is very common in our country," the prime minister, Sheikh Hasina, wept.

"Had it been a natural flood, we could have faced it." For most of the 1990s Bangladesh has struggled, with some success, to cast off its image as the world's basket case, but when the muddy waters which swallowed whole villages refused to

retreat after 40 days, Sheikh Hasina was forced to ask for help. Last week she appealed for \$530 million in international assistance. The United Nations will make its own appeal today.

The worst is yet to come, although the flood waters are expected to peak within the next week. "Today we are seeing very alarming," said Sharif Rafiqul Islam, director of the flood forecasting centre. "The situation is going to deteriorate."

Michael Elmquist, head of the UN team assessing the damage, said: "We have tended to look at disasters in the past and classify them by the number of people killed, but in financial terms, in development terms, this is going to be the worst disaster ever."

By official estimates, 470 have died since the rivers

began rising in July — a toll kept mercifully low because the waters rose slowly. But they have devoured one season's planting, and may claim the one due to be planted later this month.

The government says the country has lost about a third of its annual food production — that estimate may rise — and suffered incalculable damage to roads, bridges and buildings.

"This disaster, this flood has jeopardised all our future plans," Sheikh Hasina said. In Munshiganj, at the confluence of the Padma, Dhaleswari and Meghna rivers, transport is by leaky wooden boats, in which whole families huddle around their salvaged possessions. The swift waters have pushed open the gates of homes. Women balanced on makeshift platforms try to cook and wash clothes

with clean water. Entire families sleep on a single wooden cot suspended from a bamboo scaffolding near the ceiling.

"We saved what we could," said Zarina Begum, perched on a tree outside her one-room corrugated-iron house. "But the sofa set, the wardrobe, anything big we had is gone."

Such scenes are replicated endlessly on the 17-mile journey to the capital along what were once canals and are now vast lakes-whipped into white-capped waves by high winds.

Many of the villagers are less lucky than Zarina Begum, forced to flee entirely from their homes now rotting under water. They tether their cows to bridges on the top of the few solid buildings. Their children swim down what was once the main road, oblivious to the dangling electric cables that have claimed many of the flood victims, teasing each other with imaginary sightings of snakes beneath the surface.

On the roof of a garment factory near Kashipur village dozens of people who have eaten nothing but puffed rice for days sleep beneath burlap sacks. The water below is neck deep.

Yet there is a semblance of normality. At Munshiganj, on an embankment still above the floods, a man in an improbably white shirt sits in a cycle rickshaw screaming: "Jao jao" (go, go).

The hapless driver dismounts to pull his passenger through slush that rises halfway up the wheels. His eyes bulge with the effort and he

shrieks: "Allah Malik" (O Lord, O God).

International aid agencies say this desire to preserve normality has masked the true extent of the disaster and the real danger of disease and hunger when the floods retreat.

The public health department of Munshiganj says virtually all the district's wells are contaminated.

"If the water doesn't go

The desire to preserve normality has masked the extent of the disaster and the dangers ahead

down, then water-borne disease like diarrhoea, cholera and typhoid, as well as skin diseases, will follow," said Mohammed Noor ul-Haq, the deputy commissioner.

They already have, in part because the government refugees for flood victims are prime breeding grounds for disease.

In one of Dhaka's most crowded areas 700 people are sheltering in a school, sharing one toilet. There is no shower.

Husna Begum and her five children eat and sleep with 35 others in one room. She grimaces at the shame of it. "I feel awkward but what can I do."

Rwanda's ex-PM gets life for genocide

Chris McGreal in Arusha, Tanzania

AN international court sentenced the former prime minister of Rwanda to life imprisonment for genocide yesterday, describing his crimes during the 1994 slaughter of hundreds of thousands of Tutsis as "widespread and atrocious".

Jean Kambanda, the first man sentenced under the 1948 Genocide Convention, written in the wake of the Nazi Holocaust, pleaded guilty in May to six counts of genocide and crimes against humanity.

The court brushed aside a plea from Kambanda's lawyer

for a sentence of just two years because Kambanda had co-operated with prosecutors immediately after his arrest in Kenya last year, and had agreed to testify against former members of his cabinet and senior army officers awaiting trial by the United Nations tribunal.

The defence said Kambanda, a former banker, aged 43, wanted to be free to contribute to the "healing process" in Rwanda. But while acknowledging his co-operation, including 90 hours of taped evidence, the judges said his participation in "the crime of crimes" was too heinous to impose anything but the maximum sentence.

The defence had tried to

paint Kambanda as a pawn of the military which appointed him prime minister. The court ruled that "he personally participated in the genocide by distributing arms, making incendiary speeches and presiding over cabinet and other meetings where the massacres were planned and discussed."

The judges were also sceptical of claims that he was deeply remorseful for his crimes. They noted that he failed to offer a public apology when invited to address the court. Nor did he show sympathy for the victims. Kambanda's lawyer said he would appeal against the sentence.

With the exception of the *de facto* army chief Theoneste

Bagosora, Kambanda is the most senior official connected to the genocide in the tribunal's custody. Thirty-five people have been indicted by the court but so far only Kambanda has pleaded guilty.

On Wednesday, the tribunal found a former provincial mayor, Jean-Paul Akayesu, guilty of various genocide charges and set sentencing for later this month.

The chief judge, Laity Kama, described Kambanda's life sentence as an important step to ending the climate of impunity which allowed mass killings across Central Africa.

"We feel that sentences of such a nature will serve to dissuade people who may be tempted to commit such

crimes in the future," he said. The prosecutor, Bernard Muna, denied that the court's failure to give Kambanda a lesser sentence in return for his co-operation would discourage other defendants from pleading guilty. "I think part of the reason for an accused to plead guilty is to unburden his soul ... Kambanda can sleep easier," he said.

Whether he remains in prison for life will depend in part on where he serves his sentence. The tribunal has not revealed which prison will hold him, but he will be subject to the laws of the country of his detention. This raises the possibility of parole, provided either the tribunal judges or another designated authority agree.

East and West is the book that Rupert Murdoch reckoned would upset the applecart of his commercial interests in China. Political memoirs do not usually create such wide international ripples.
John Gittings on Chris Patten's controversial book
Saturday Review page 13

Saturday opinion

The million-pound game show

More dosh less class

Mark Lawson

WHATEVER the Prime Minister and other Establishment cassandras have suggested, the big story in commercial television this week is not News at Ten but Dosh at Eight. While ITV's proposal to allow Trevor McDonald to go home four hours earlier has been presented as a crack in the national fabric, a far more startling piece of television evidence has been ignored.

Last night, at 8pm, ITV offered what is believed to be the biggest game-show prize in the history of global television: £1 million. Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? hosted by Chris Tarrant, promises the money to a contestant who answers fifteen successive quiz questions correctly.

The history of game-show prizes is a chronicle of the shifts in British aspirations. Old videos and reviews reveal a world still shaped by war-time restraint. On the 1950s game show Take Your Pick, the studio audience was known to cheer a sofa. In the Seventies — on The Generation Game and The Price Is Right — the near-fainting of contestants at the announcement of their take-home bounty suggested a society in which a tea-

made, a television, a Florida holiday or a new car were luxuries likely to be provided only by an unexpected legacy or television.

Even more austere, some of the most popular quiz shows — Mastermind, The Krypton Factor — offered only nominal trinkets to winners, despite the high level of effort demanded from competitors.

COMMERCIAL television companies had little moral problem with enormous rewards, but their regulators operated a strict incomes policy. Rules on prizes imposed by ITV's external monitors (the IBA and then the ITC) until the early 90s limited the generosity of producers to a small car or a posh holiday. This reflected a common fear that it would be socially risky to allow a more viewer to become as wealthy as the presenter or the executives.

the National Lottery, the existence of which knocks down most objections to having a prize on television or financial hierarchies in society.

The second explanation for game-show inflation is that increased competition in television — more channels chasing fewer viewers — has exaggerated all of the medium's tendencies. The plot-lines of soaps have become more operatic, News at Ten has moved down-

Free-gift series, however, have also suffered from a historical shift distinct to this genre: a decline in the novelty of appearing on television. The early programmes could get away with lesser prizes because being screened into your neighbour's living room was part of the prize. These days, most potential contestants will have a fly-on-the-wall documentary team in their workplace, their holiday resort or their shopping centre. Much more is required to entice contestants and viewers.

Be it although Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? results from this cultural background, the explanation is not entirely an excuse. The National Lottery was carefully set up with the justification that it would provide money for good causes. A game show which exists entirely to enrich — and to encourage shrill greed and envy from the audience — can not invoke the pro-bono defence.

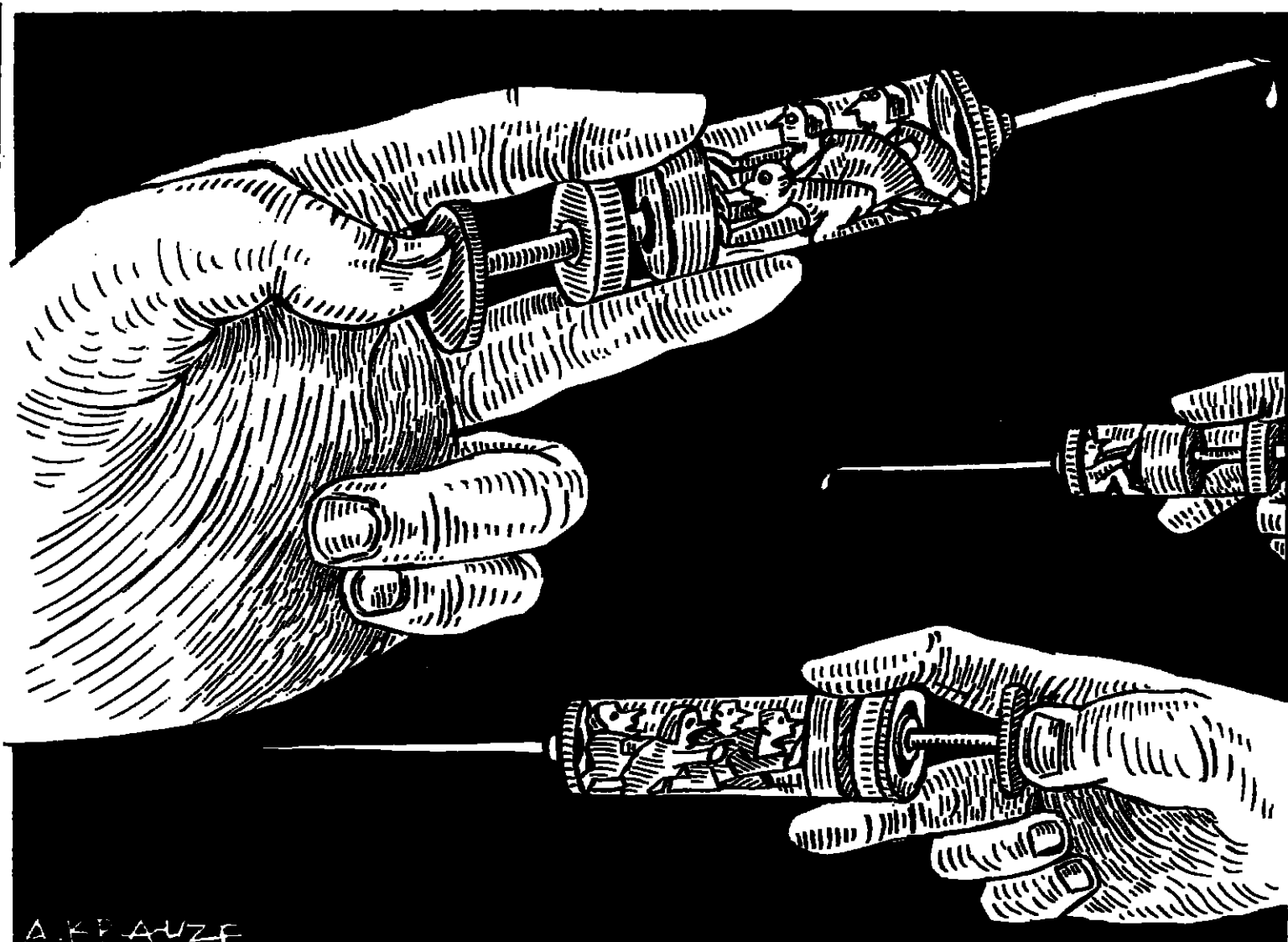
This series is another landmark in the tabloidisation of ITV. It is perhaps the final landmark to be seen before the road disappears over the cliff. Symbolically and inevitably, Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? is the subject of a huge promotional campaign in the Sun and News of the World.

THE FACT that this is the series that commercial television deserves does not, though, necessarily mean that it will work. Partly because of the past restrictions on prizes, television game shows have usually succeeded more through format than reward. The National Lottery show has failed to attract the anticipated television audiences because the format provides no entertainment except a sort of glorified tombola at the end. The Lottery show is also guaranteed to dissatisfy virtually all of its audience, for they will end the evening as resentful losers.

Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? may well encounter the same problem. One of the advantages of the tiny prizes on offer throughout the game's history was that few people could reasonably resent another person's acquisition of a Toyota or a week in Palm Beach. But are human beings really designed to feel happy for someone else who has just pocketed a million? It's no coincidence that so many Lottery winners insist on anonymity. They understand the emotional hurricane which a windfall can create. Cynically appealing to the ancient human quality of greed, Who Wants To Be A Millionaire? may be wrecked by the no less venerable tendency to envy.

Strangely, against the conventional wisdom that the Lottery has democratised wealth, the makers of this game show display a rather loaded attitude to the opportunities opened by a financial jackpot. The promotional pictures show Tarrant in a dinner jacket and ten subsidiary "millionaire prizes" on offer include "a trolley dash in Harrods, a round-the-world trip accompanied by a butler" and, most bizarrely, bathing in champagne for a year.

If the producers hope that the prizes confer class on the series, they are wrong, as the show rather cheapens British television. This, not the timing of News at Ten, is the real scheduling scandal of the week.



Fear epidemic

Catherine Bennett

FROM time to time, doctors write humorous articles about the derogatory shorthand used to describe their more tiresome patients. SIG, for example, for stropky ignorant kid; TRETH, for tried everything else, try homeopathy, and so forth. By

now the witty medics must surely have dreamed up another acronym, to describe a parent who refuses to have their children immunised, or require protracted cajoling before they agree to do so. HGS, perhaps, for hysterical, gullible and selfish. Or MWCMD, for mother wants child to die of measles. Or SNT — stubborn, needs threats.

There have always been a few of these awkward types around. In the seventies, after a scare about brain damage, they refused to have their children immunised against whooping cough, which has now led to vulnerable infants catching the disease from never-vaccinated parents. For the most part, however, parents have dutifully responded to the stream of let-

ters from their doctors' surgeries, commanding them to present their tiny, unblemished infants for puncturing. As doctors receive a bonus if their immunisation rates are above 90 per cent, disobedient parents are zealously pursued. SNTs are reminded that the vaccination is infinitely safer than the disease it prevents, instructed that jobs are a social duty, and warned that if everyone were as thoughtless, children would once again die in epidemics.

The combination of reassurance and threats worked well until last February, when Dr Andrew Wakefield, of the Royal Free Medical School, reported in the Lancet on a possible — but unproved — link between the MMR vaccine (against measles, mumps and rubella), and the onset of bowel disease and autism. Dr

Wakefield suggested that it would be safer for children to have the vaccinations separately, at intervals. Within weeks, it was reported that up to a quarter of parents were refusing to let their children have MMR. The Department of Health also acted quickly: in March, the Chief Medical Officer, Sir Kenneth Calman, convened a meeting of 37 experts, after which he dismissed Wakefield's theory. He warned that giving vaccines separately was actively harmful as it left children exposed to infection for long periods.

Clearly, not everyone was convinced. Parents have told JABS, a group campaigning against vaccine damage, that since BSE, they have ceased to believe soothing words from government health officials. They want separate in-

Awkward types refuse to present their tiny unblemished infants for puncturing. They need threats

jections. But last week Pasteur Merieux MSD, the manufacturer, announced that it would no longer supply Britain with the single measles vaccine. Michael Watson, the company's medical director, says it took the decision, for "ethical reasons", because it does not have a British

licence for its latest mumps vaccine, and therefore cannot offer the complete trio of single vaccines. "We can't be part of leaving people unprotected against mumps." If the Government were to give the mumps vaccine a licence, the company would reconsider.

But the Department of Health is determined to discourage separate vaccines: it is now MMR or nothing. The restriction of choice may be scientifically consistent, but in practice, it is pure bloody-mindedness. Some parents, who would like to vaccinate their children, will now not do so. Even if their GPs insist that the link with autism and bowel disease is speculative, and spurious, the MMR scare has awakened many parents to the fact vaccines do have other side effects, which may, on rare occasions, be devastating. The patient information accompanying the current MMR vaccine lists over twenty side effects, from feeling "generally unwell", to flu, and "gradual mental deterioration".

Even assuming that parents with no experience of a measles or mumps epidemic are disposed to make a cool risk-benefit assessment, current policy further demands that they take the (admittedly tiny) risks of vaccination, knowing that should their baby become a casualty, the chance of adequate compensation is yet more remote. In order to receive any funds from the Vaccine Damage Unit, victims must be 80 per cent disabled. In practice, this has ruled out children whom vaccination has left deaf in one ear, or paralysed in one leg — on the grounds that the other half is working just fine. The maximum amount payable to children who are adequately grossly disabled, has just been raised from £30,000 to £40,000 — for claims made after July 1st. Most cases are only won on appeal. In 1986, the Unit made five payments. Richard Barr, a solicitor now preparing a group action for MMR compensation has been contacted by 1,700 families who believe their children were harmed by the injection.

When the doctors are now urged to perfect — or acquire — a bedside manner, and patients are encouraged to consider themselves customers, the targets of vaccination are still treated, literally, as a herd — even though inoculation is evidently going to be inappropriate for some individuals. The latest piece of cattle-prodding — MMR or forget it — could not be better calculated to leave large numbers of children unprotected. Separately, the Unit made five payments. Richard Barr, a solicitor now preparing a group action for MMR compensation has been contacted by 1,700 families who believe their children were harmed by the injection.

Doe-eyed, bulimic Royals are not a modern invention

She was murdered

Matthew Engel

SHE was beautiful. She was bulimic. She came from a dysfunctional noble family and married into a dysfunctional royal family. The marriage was unhappy. She was the greatest royal celebrity of her time. She died tragically, and we are now at an important anniversary of her death.

Heard far too much about this subject? Not necessarily. Thursday is the centenary of the assassination of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria, who was murdered in 1898. When a biography earlier this year understandably included a chapter drawing parallels with the life and death of young who, the sterner of the royal writers (Miss J. Burdett) rubbished the attempt as a "tenuous, tortuous selling-point". It seems to me that the similarities are extraordinary. And they shine through the books written long before Elisabeth's modern equivalent was born.

aristocrat (Duke Max of Bavaria), but became besotted with her teenage sister who had eyes "as shy as a doe". Her parents were apart, and she had had a confusing childhood.

The streets of the capital (Vienna, that time) were filled for their wedding, and the demand for memorabilia was insatiable. To the public, it seemed like a fairy-tale, but she was immediately enveloped by inflexible protocol, a palace that looked luxurious but was actually unpleasant to live in, and difficult, frosty in-laws. She was lonely, but had no privacy.

Her husband would not have been in direct line of succession but for an earlier abdication. This was a factor in making him conscientious to the point of obsession with his duties. He meant well, but was unbending. "Even before her wedding day... she had felt encircling her, like a mantle of ice, the cold and rigid constraints of ceremonial." She complained in vain to her husband: "He loved her, but failed to understand her; all he could see in her was a sick child, whom he sought to console." Those quotes come from a biography written in French in 1939, which gives it a pretty safe alibi for the accusation of tenuousness.

shared her sense of fun. But she also devoted herself to charity, and made a particular point of visiting the most reviled members of society.

On tour, she was greeted rapturously by people who adored "the light in her eyes, the smile and the candour of her greeting". When she bathed, gawpers with field glasses tried to sneak glimpses. She craved privacy, though, and regularly found refuge at Althorp, the Northamptonshire stately home of the Spencer family. When a photographer snatched a picture of her, Earl Spencer (oh, yes, but the 5th not the 6th) described the press as

"scum". Her death was the sensation of the age. Now look, this is history not science. The parallels aren't exact, though Mr al Fayed might find extra ones.

Elisabeth lived to be 60, and was murdered while boarding a steamer on Lake Geneva when an Italian anarchist anxious to kill a royal — any royal — stabbed her with a file. Her corset protected her, and if the file had not been precipitately removed, she might have survived. Her quest for privacy seems genuine, and her charity was kept quiet. Her great hobby was fox-hunting. Our Prince of Wales does not look, as Franz Josef did, uncannily like Professor Jimmy Edwards. And the Windsors still have some way to go to match

the Habsburgs in the matter of sensations. Elisabeth's only son, Crown Prince Rudolf, predeceased her, dying in the still-mysterious incident at Mayerling, when he and his lover were found shot after what is generally thought to have been a suicide pact.

The new crown prince was her nephew, Franz Ferdinand, who was shot at Sarajevo in 1914. And we all know what happened after that. Elisabeth's assassination is far less known now. Despite the new biography (well-received, but already scarce in the shops), Thursday's centenary is likely to be unnoticed. Probably August 31 2097 will pass just as quietly, with maybe the odd mention from an obscure columnist with a taste for recondite history. This tells us something about the nature of celebrity. And perhaps the parallels tell us an awful lot about the nature of royalty.

Death by Fame: A Life of Elisabeth, Empress of Austria by Andrew Sinclair (Constable, 1998, £16.99); **The Habsburgs** by Andrew Wheatcroft (Viking, 1998); **Tragic Empress** by Maurice Paléologue (Librarie Plon 1939, English edition: Saturn Press, 1960). NB: In keeping with Royal requests, the above is written without one mention of the name "Diana".

LIST OF THE WEEK: Empress Elisabeth would surely have liked to redecorate her palace with the fashionable Paint Magic colours, produced (in Islington, largely for Islington) by Ms Jocasta Innes: Matinee Blue; Chalky Blue; Flower Pot; Dining Room Red; Celadon; Spitalfields Green; Etruscan Red; Sienna; Haystack; Calico; Saffron; Study Green.

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CRAGG. The Rev. Canon Leonard, departed ruler of three Lanchashire parishes, died at his residence in the parish of St Leonard's, Downham, died peacefully aged 70, at his home there under Pondie Hill on September 3, with his family loved ones Jill and their three children, James, Susan and David, by his side. Services for family, the village and close friends, followed by interment at St Leonard's, Downham on Tuesday, September 5, at noon. A service will be held at his former parish of St Guthbert's, Lytham, at 1.30 on Saturday, September 16.

COFFLEY. Fred, of Balaam, Cambridge-shire, died on August 29, aged 81. A contractor still building the revolved lift at the Cambridge Crematorium on Monday September 7th at 3.15pm. No flowers, donations to RSPB.

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Chernomyrdin's rescue plan for rouble emulates Argentinian model

Radical remedy for Russia

James Meek in Moscow and Alex Brummer

THE Russian prime minister-designate, Victor Chernomyrdin, yesterday unveiled a radical plan to halt the country's slide back into hyperinflation with a proposal to create an Argentinian-style currency board which would bring an end to the rouble's fall.

His move came as foreign exchange markets continued to offload roubles for hard currencies, driving the exchange rate down 21 per cent in Moscow trading to 16.99 to the dollar.

The rouble has tumbled 63 per cent since August 17, when Russia abandoned any efforts to support the currency and declared a moratorium on its debt repayments.

Under the Chernomyrdin proposal, more money would be printed and the rouble would be allowed to go into free-fall before a currency board — which would link the rouble directly to a hard currency like the dollar — was created.

"We will let the rouble rate go," Mr Chernomyrdin said yesterday. "The dollar is rising, the rouble is becoming weaker. People are buying matches, buckwheat and

sugar." He proposes to use some of the new cash created to pay outstanding public-sector wages.

In his address to the Russian Federal Council, Mr Chernomyrdin proposed a confused combination of "economic dictatorship", tax cuts, printing money and a rigid currency board-style link between the value of the rouble and the central bank's gold and hard currency reserves.

The address confirmed that Mr Chernomyrdin has only the vaguest understanding of economics and that his core credo is the necessity for him to hang on as prime minister. His views were an attempt to bridge the divide among the group of bureaucrats, acting ministers and foreign advisers trying to formulate a way out of the country's mess.

One faction, led by Boris Fyodorov, the orthodox monetarist who served as finance minister in a previous Chernomyrdin government, wants to implement a ruthless campaign of bankruptcies, privatisations and budget cuts.

He is also thought to oppose increasing the amount of roubles in circulation as a means of paying off wage arrears and inter-enterprise debts. His faction wants to see a strong rouble — perhaps even the introduction of a currency board along the lines of

that introduced by Domingo Cavallo in Argentina.

The rival group argues that inflation is inevitable, the cash-dry economy is being throttled by lack of liquidity, and the price-rises which would accompany an outpouring of roubles into the economy would be outweighed by the resumption of normal business. Debts would be cleared, banks would begin to work again and the barter economy would be driven back into the shadows.

What is baffling about Mr Chernomyrdin's far from complete précis of the acting government's thinking is that he appeared to advocate both a printing of money and a currency board, or something like it.

One might conjecture that a two-stage approach. In the next few months, extra roubles would be released into circulation, clearing debts, restarting the economy and stabilising inflation.

Then, on January 1, a currency board would be introduced, together with "economic dictatorship" — much stricter enforcement of bankruptcies and state confiscation of debtors' assets. Prices would then stabilise. The date may signify that the euro, rather than the less politically acceptable dollar, will be the anchor currency.

Analysis/The actions of a currency board could push patient populace over the edge, writes Alex Brummer

THE clear attraction of the currency board to the Russian authorities is its simplicity. It is a mechanism, with legal status, that prevents governments from printing notes or issuing bills unless they are backed by hard currency reserves or gold.

Judging by experience from Hong Kong to Argentina, here may be an institution capable of stabilising the rouble, reversing the tendency to hyperinflation and offering the possibility of keeping borrowed or earned foreign currency in the country.

Among Russia's neighbours in the Baltic area it assisted in the creation of stability after the break-up of the former Soviet Union, helping them to establish the credibility of their currencies and reduce inflation. For Argentina in 1991 it was the weapon that defeated hyperinflation, which had been running at 1,350 per cent per annum.

But Estonia, Argentina

and Bulgaria are not economies which equate to Russia's. Russia is not suffering from hyperinflation — in the past four years under IMF tutelage it has been wringing inflation out of the system, leaving output to shrink by 40 per cent. Moscow has not yet entered the wheelbarrows-of-cash stage.

Structurally, however, a currency board would be dangerous. Its logic is that the natural response to capital outflows is to shrink the supply of money, which sends interest rates soaring. The effect of this on a fragile financial system and a populace already suffering social dislocation would be horrendous. Because of the limits imposed on the creation of credit, a currency board would make it almost impossible to finance public deficits, and elsewhere.

Allowing a currency board to control Russia's credit supply would create the most horrendous economic conditions, which

could push a patient populace over the edge.

Even if it decided to go ahead with such a programme, it would have to be accompanied by other reforms. An end would have to be brought to the barter economy through monetarisation of all transactions and almost certainly a hefty devaluation of the rouble — beyond that which has taken place — would be necessary.

As far as one can tell, Russia's currency reserves have been almost exhausted by countering speculation before the rouble was allowed to fall and because of the hard-currency outflows. Many of the hard-currency payments for oil and other commodities which should be flowing into Russia's reserves never make it — they are binned off into Swiss bank accounts, London real estate and offshore accounts, and elsewhere.

It would be possible for the West to create new hard reserves, with a tranche of cash from the IMF or G7 countries, but they would need to be confident that the board was a genuine reform, not a short-term expedient which would be abandoned as soon as interest rates soared.

Saturday Notebook

Getting back into control



Mark Milner

ONE of the first acts of the Thatcher administration in 1979 was to lift exchange controls in Britain. Though such things are hard to quantify, there must be a question mark over whether the City of London would have maintained its power and prestige as a financial centre if controls had not been lifted for, say, another 10 years.

It was a boon, too, for the growing numbers of holiday makers heading for the beaches of southern Europe. Those old enough might care to dig out the faded black passports and, after a good laugh at the photograph, turn to the space at the back where bank clerks inscribed the amount of foreign exchange you were taking out of the country. These days it would barely buy a cup of coffee in Venice's St Mark's Square.

The changes fitted the spirit of the new administration, sweeping away state controls, privatising state industries; allowing private enterprise to flourish and deregulation to hold sway.

As John Gapper and Nicholas Denton note in their chronicle of the fall of Barings, All That Glitters, the bank's then boss, Peter Barings, could tell a stock exchange conference in Mexico in 1994 that the flow of capital from one country to another was "the natural order of things". It was a creative process which only began to be interrupted by "a long, painful and ultimately unsuccessful experiment with socialism".

Within the year Barings had been brought down by a rogue trader, while Mexico's financial system had been hit by a crisis based on the ability of capital to flow out of the country at least as fast, if not faster, than it had flowed in.

Such irony was not lost on those who pondered the logic of, for example, the foreign exchange market where currencies rose or fell apparently on the whim of the big players in the currency market.

They questioned the economic value of a system which could damage a country's economy by pushing its currency around yet appeared to add little economic value. Only a relatively small percentage of deals in the world's foreign exchange markets actually involved "end users" — customers who needed to switch currencies to buy goods or pay workers and suppliers.

There had been efforts to limit other markets. In the wake of the 1987 market crash, the US authorities tried to curb what were regarded as excessive price movements. The Japanese

also tried to rein back the derivatives market after it came to believe that events there were increasing the volatility on the Tokyo stock market.

Opponents of deregulation were greeted with a version of Mrs Thatcher's dictum that "you can't buck the market": curbs in one country's jurisdiction would simply drive trading elsewhere; in a technological age, markets were accessible to anyone with the right equipment; one centre's regulation was another's opportunity to expand.

More fundamentally, supporters argued that not only were markets powerful and mobile, they were also right. If countries ran their economies properly, there would be no opportunities for speculators to mount their often derisive attacks. The ERM sustained heavy damage in 1992, and again in 1993, because its members were steering their currencies towards convergence at a time when national economies were going in the opposite direction.

There the matter has pretty much rested, with the proponents of deregulation occupying the high ground. But events in Asia and Russia have reopened the debate in each case there is an argument for saying the speculators have simply punished bad behaviour by Thailand's banks, by South Korea's chaebol, by Russia's inadequate infrastructure and the reluctance of big business to pay tax.

SIMILARLY, in the corporate sector it was said bad management had led to the low share price which meant vulnerability to takeover. Only academics and a few disgruntled shareholders wondered much about whether the cure was that much of an improvement on the illness.

Now governments are beginning to wonder if they should allow the speculators to kick sand in their faces.

Malaysia has almost halted trading in the ringgit. In Hong Kong the authorities, having tried to take on the speculators at their own game by buying furiously in the market, have brought in trading curbs to try to stack the deck against the speculators. This week there were suggestions of limits within which the dollar, the yen and the euro should be allowed to fluctuate against each other, a kind of global ERM.

However, Malaysia's move strengthened the ringgit but trashed the stock market. The Hong Kong authorities may or may not beat the speculators, but if they do, it is likely to be at a high price. Investors in general may decide Hong Kong is a place to be avoided.

It is hard to see how banding the world's leading currencies together would defend them? But, rightly or wrongly, politicians and voters are increasingly impatient with the financial markets. Blowing away the Thai baht may not count too much (except to a number of Asian economies), but when the turbulence takes the starch out of Wall Street and London, the global capital flows. This time it was not just a question of economic damage. The political aspirations of two governments were seen to have been thwarted by foreign exchange speculators.

There had been efforts to limit other markets. In the wake of the 1987 market crash, the US authorities tried to curb what were regarded as excessive price movements. The Japanese

under special scrutiny because they played an essential role in company strategy over the release of information on health risks.

Liggett Group, which broke ranks with the industry by making a separate deal with plaintiffs, has waived its client-lawyer privileges. A former lawyer with the company, Lawrence Meyer, is involved in discussions about co-operating with government legal officers.

Legal arguments over lawyer-client privilege reflect the industry's determination to hang on to internal documents that may show the direct involvement of in-house lawyers and outside law firms in sensitive research about smoking and health, in delaying compliance with requests for evidence and in arguing against disclosures to government regulators.

Earlier this year, the Supreme Court declined to intervene in a Minnesota civil suit, resulting in the release of 39,000 documents which Brown & Williamson and other companies sought to withhold, citing lawyer-client privilege.

Strong pound takes its toll on Fortnum & Mason

FORTNUM & MASON, the posh grocers in Piccadilly, yesterday became the latest company to warn that its profits will be hit by the strong pound.

Chairman GH Weston said he expected "a likely decline in contribution from exports as sterling remains strong" and that the results for the current financial year were "even more dependent on a successful Christmas trading period".

A fall in sales has been exacerbated by disruption caused by the store's redevelopment, which had reduced selling space.

As a result, the full-year profits — before exceptional items — had tumbled from £2.8 million to £1.72 million.

Outside the Christmas period the growth in sales to UK customers was offset by the fall in those to overseas visitors: sales for the year increased by 2.1 per cent.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KIPPA MATTHEWS



S stands for slower car sales

Nicholas Barnister, Chief Business Correspondent

CAR sales in August, boosted by the introduction of the first "S" registration plates, were the second-highest monthly figure on record. But the motor industry had been expecting to break the record 525,538 registrations achieved in August last year.

The 505,312 registrations this August were 3.8 per cent below last year's record. Overall registrations for the year so far are 3.9 per cent up on last year, however.

Carmakers blamed worries

about the economy, stock market turmoil and job losses for customer caution. They feared that monthly sales will deteriorate during the rest of the year.

"There's been some slowing-down of the market during the past few months, although the cumulative total by the end of 1998 is likely to be higher," said Roger King of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders.

"The economic cycle is going to cause some concern, but the motor industry seems to have defied gravity and has done well, even in the export markets. Towards the end of the year, however, it will be

extremely difficult to maintain this level.

Car sales have traditionally been higher in August because it is the month the new number-plate letter for the year is introduced. But from now on, the letter will change every six months in an attempt to spread demand more evenly over the year.

Sales of Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars, which had been hit by the introduction of new models and the battle for control of the company, showed a slight improvement. Last month, 112 of the luxury cars were sold, compared with 98 in August last year.

The August registration fig-

Marques of success

January to August 1998 registrations

1 Ford Escort	91,417
2 Ford Fiesta	89,576
3 Ford Mondeo	76,875
4 Vauxhall Vectra	68,369
5 Renault Megane	66,121
6 Vauxhall Corsa	56,336
7 Peugeot 306	55,800
8 Vauxhall Astra	53,077
9 Rover 200	50,981
10 Rover 400	44,567

Source: SMMT

ures show that the balance between British-manufactured cars, with 31.36 per cent of the market, and imported cars (68.64 per cent) is almost unchanged, despite the strength of the pound.

The relative buoyancy of the British market is in stark contrast to that in Japan, where economic troubles have caused car sales to plummet. Sales of imported cars in Japan dropped by 23 per cent in August, with only Peugeot, Citroën and Renault significantly bucking the trend, according to figures published yesterday by the Japan Automobile Importers' Association.

Heffers on offer after 122 years

ONE OF Britain's most famous bookellers was yesterday put up for sale for the first time in its 122-year history.

Heffers has been an institution in Cambridge since it opened its first bookshop in the university city in 1876.

Company chairman Nicholas Heffer, great-grandson of the firm's founder, William Heffer, says he wants to retire in the near future and has no relatives who want to take over.

The company's 300-plus staff were told of the decision today. Bosses say they hope to sell the company as a unit, keeping the name and avoiding any redundancies.

"We are confident of a smooth and effective transition," Mr Heffer said. "Our priority is to select a new owner who will be sensitive to the history and reputation of Heffers and recognise the very individual nature of our business."

"We do have the great satisfaction of knowing that each of the four generations of the family has participated in a crime. The department is pursuing criminal investigations against several leading US tobacco companies. The case against Brown & Williamson is said to be the most advanced. The government is focusing on whether the company lied to the Food and Drug Administration and other government agencies about its use of a high-nicotine tobacco leaf and its manipulation of nicotine levels in cigarettes.

Tobacco lawyers have come

American suitor lights on TLG with £321m bid

Lisa Buckingham City Editor

A £321 MILLION takeover bid was launched yesterday for TLG, formerly Thorn Lighting Group. This would bring to an abrupt end four years as an independent business after its merger from Thorn EMI.

The company, whose products helped illuminate this summer's World Cup matches, joined the stock market in 1994. Shares bobbed above the 150p flotation price only after it revealed in August that it had received a takeover approach. Yesterday they jumped by 17½p to 167p, some 7p above the offer price.

Cooper Industries, the American bidder whose brands include Luminix, Halo and Metalux, said the acquisition would make it a world leader in lighting fixtures with about £1 billion of sales. The company is selling its automotive businesses, which include Champion

spark-plugs, for \$1.9 billion. Managers, led by chairman Hamish Bryce, will share nearly £2 million on their shareholdings in addition to substantial windfall gains on share options. But Wassall, the mini-conglomerate which has a 14 per cent shareholding may yet spoil the party.

TLG's financial adviser, Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, is believed to have lured the company around other potential bidders before the Cooper offer was supported. Advisers to Cooper yesterday snapped up more than 5 per cent of TLG's shares in the market.

Wassall, which stands to make a hefty profit on its shares, could try to enhance this surplus by declining Cooper's current offer or even mounting a counter-attack of its own. One City analyst said the TLG share price indicated hopes of a counter-bid although he thought it unlikely, even though the offer was not a "knock-out".

TLG notched up sales of nearly £383 million and profits of almost £25 million in the

year to March. But the group has been struggling to cope with weak European sales growth and, although the business was restructured, notably in the large German and French markets, the reputation of the company's management has been tarnished.

Some job losses are expected as a result of the deal but Cooper said there was little overlap between the two groups, which is likely to restrict the attrition. Instead, the US group expects savings to come from reducing TLG's corporate overheads as well as rationalising sales and administration.

Mr Bryce, a former Scottish rugby international, will leave after three months at Cooper's request and only a "core" of other directors will remain. He said: "We believe that this is a good offer for shareholders, customers, employees and long-term suppliers. We believe that there are strong commercial attractions in combining with Cooper."

David Brown sold for £195m

Lisa Buckingham City Editor

DAVID Brown, the engineering group which used to own the exclusive Aston Martin marque, yesterday succumbed to a £194.9 million takeover bid. The acquisition by Textron, a large American industrial group, comes just six years after David Brown was floated on the stock market, having been in family hands for more than 125 years.

Chris Cook, chairman of the ambitious gears and pumps company, said the acquisition by Textron, whose manufacturing business ranges from car parts to Cessna aircraft, would help international expansion.

David Brown has been acquisitive, but Mr Cook said the company did not have sufficient firepower to fully exploit overseas opportunities.

Textron is offering 290p a share for the company, whose interim profits rose from £7.9 million to £9.1 million.

The bid represents an 83 per cent premium on the share price before the Huddersfield-based company admitted it was in takeover talks.

The addition of David Brown, which makes gears used in industrial machinery and trains as well as manufacturing pumps for the oil industry, will almost double Textron's earnings from fluid and power systems to \$1 billion (\$600 million).

Lewis Campbell, chief executive of Textron, said he saw David Brown as a "cornerstone business" for the group. David Brown has been regarded as a takeover candidate for several months and analysts had regarded industrial conglomerate BTR as another possible bidder.

Mr Cook and Chris Brown, who staged the 1990 management buy-in which wrested control from the founding family, and other directors have agreed to sell their shares to Textron, which said yesterday it now speaks for 29.7 per cent of the David Brown share capital.

BAT subsidiary is accused of illegal cover-up in US

Mark Tran in New York

BROWN & Williamson, a subsidiary of the British conglomerate BAT, may have broken the law by urging tobacco executives to hold back internal documents sought in lawsuits, according to the US Justice Department.

The new attack by government prosecutors comes in a sealed court brief as the two sides argue over access to documents. The Justice Department is citing a rule known as the crime-fraud exception, which nullifies lawyer-client privilege if there is evidence that lawyers may have participated in a crime.

The department is pursuing criminal investigations against several leading US tobacco companies. The case against Brown & Williamson is said to be the most advanced. The government is focusing on whether the company lied to the Food and Drug Administration and other government agencies about its use of a high-nicotine tobacco leaf and its manipulation of nicotine levels in cigarettes.

Tobacco lawyers have come

Top guns at the hard sell

As the captains of the British arms industry gather to press the flesh at the Farnborough air show, **David Gow** and **Richard Norton-Taylor** ask if they can remain combat-ready

THE cream of British industry will be on display at its most flamboyant showcase next week, the biennial Farnborough International Air Show, at which it will seek to prove to more than 1,000 companies from 40 countries that Britain is still good at manufacturing and exporting goods.

At the world's largest temporary exhibition top salesmen from the UK's £15 billion a year aerospace industry will join their European partners, American rivals and their allies in vying for a slice of record orders, said to be worth up to £10 billion.

As shiny prototypes and updated versions of 168 aircraft, including 25 making their debut, flaunt their hi-tech prowess over the sprawling airfield, corporate executives will be negotiating from dawn to dusk over multi-million-pound deals and about the industry's future.

Britain, with Germany, Italy and Spain, will daily parade the new multi-role combat jet, Eurofighter, rebranded only this week as Typhoon, in the drive to acquire half a world export market worth up to \$70 billion over the next 20 years.

George (Lord) Simpson, GEC's managing director, stressed the scale of next week's behind-the-scenes discussions. "Every chief executive from every significant world player will be talking to each other. My diary typically starts at 5am and finishes at midnight."

Britons, French and German executives will be arguing the toss with Italian, Spanish and Swedish colleagues over how best to

bring about the radical shake-up their governments say is essential to compete with the Americans.

A "big bang" merger, perhaps, of the kind promoted this week by John Weston, British Aerospace's new chief executive? Or a series of sectoral alliances or joint ventures, as favoured by France? Western defence companies have the capacity to produce far more weapons than they can export. Facing increased competition, European companies and governments are beginning to realise that there is no alternative but for them to join forces.

No longer can Europe afford to maintain 10 separate companies making combat aircraft and helicopters, four producing battle-tanks, 12 making missiles and 37 — against two in the US — producing armoured cars.

BAA has already taken a stake in Sweden's Saab Aerospace, and GKN, which owns Westland, recently reached an agreement with Italy's Augusta to produce helicopters. BAA, Aerospatiale of France, Dasa of Germany, and Casa of Spain have proposed a consortium, Euroco.

France's partial privatisation of Aerospatiale has eased the way for Euroco's creation, but British and German executives will insist in their head to head talks next week that it should be sold off.

George Robertson, the Defence Secretary, warned earlier this year that without "restructuring", Europe's defence industry would not survive in a US-dominated market. But Whitehall says it is up to companies rather than governments to decide how they should co-operate.

Corporate chiefs, however,



An RAF Tornado at a Saudi airbase during the Gulf war. The region is a key market for British weaponry

PHOTOGRAPH: BOB DAUGHERTY

are wary of ganging up against the US.

Behind the scenes, too, the British industry is grappling with a changed political environment. Robin Cook's "ethical" foreign policy has put the spotlight on arms exports — as has concern and increasing militancy among shareholders — as witnessed at yesterday's GEC meeting.

Already 300,000 jobs have been lost in Britain, and BAE

recently announced it was considering the closure of the ammunition business of Royal Ordnance, with a potential loss of 4,000 jobs.

But the Government remains gun-shy. Earlier this year, Robertson congratulated the industry for exporting \$5.5 billion worth of arms, a 10 per cent increase on the 1996 figure and maintaining its role as the world's second-largest arms exporter, punch-

ing above its weight with a 20 per cent share of a \$40 billion market.

In its recent strategic defence review, the Government describes the arms industry as "outstandingly successful and a vital national asset", providing jobs for over 400,000 people. According to City analysts, defence exports — with commercial aerospace — are Britain's largest single manufacturing activity.

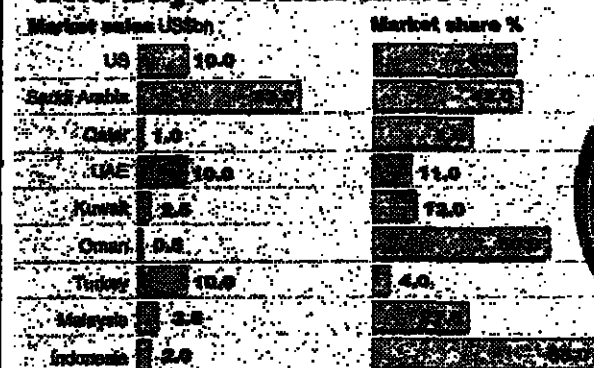
When hidden government subsidies for sales promotion, credit guarantees and commissions are taken into account, more than 40 per cent of the value of UK arms production is exported. Moreover, companies have benefited from profit margins of up to 20 per cent on exports, compared with 8 per cent on Ministry of Defence sales.

Small wonder that the industry has an almost symbiotic relationship with government. It was Cook who confirmed last month that BAE had talked to the Foreign Office about the supply of civil aircraft to Libya — if sanctions were lifted once the Lockerbie suspects had been brought to trial. Leaked documents suggest military sales are not far behind in an overall deal worth up to \$2 billion.

Rob Young, a senior Foreign Office diplomat, recalled in evidence to the Scott inquiry into arms for Iraq, "... quite regular contact with British Aerospace, Westland, Marconi, and Racal. It was a very frequent and normal part of daily life ... It was usually very helpful, if at times a little oppressive".

After Labour's election victory, policy towards arms sales seemed to be reversed. The FO announced that "an export licence (for arms) will not be issued if the arguments for doing so are

Who buys British arms?



outweighed ... by concern that the goods might be used for internal oppression or international aggression, or by the risks to regional stability or other considerations".

Yet the new rules contained a fundamental contradiction for Cook's ethical foreign policy. It was to be carried out by diplomats whose job it is to promote exports. Indeed, Cook appeared to recognise the contradiction, saying that "the Government is committed to the maintenance of a

strong defence industry, which is a strategic part of our industrial base ..."

Naturally the biggest market for arms is where the risk of conflict is greatest. Last month, Saferworld, an independent think-tank, reported that the Government had approved 3,000 licences for arms exports to countries which should be barred.

As yet unpublished figures for the United Nations Register of Conventional Arms show Britain last year sold 23

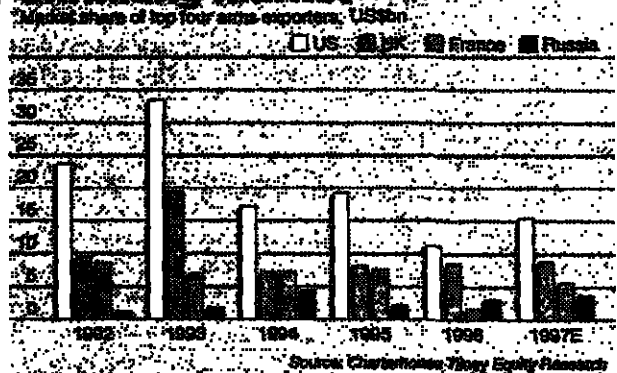
armoured combat vehicles and 4 Hawk aircraft to Indonesia. More Hawks are on their way at a time when Britain's credit-guarantee exposure for arms to Indonesia totals \$248 million.

The figures show how important the Gulf remains for arms: last year Britain also supplied 338 missiles to the Arab Emirates, 72 armoured vehicles to Kuwait and 4 warships to Qatar, but with the fall in oil prices, the market will also get tougher.

By far the biggest single market over the next five years will be Saudi Arabia, accounting for up to 62 per cent if Riyadh buys the Typhoon, according to analysts Charterhouse Tilney. Vickers, meanwhile, hopes to follow up its sale of Challenger 2 tanks to Oman with exports to Qatar, Turkey, Greece, Saudi Arabia and South Africa.

As the salesmen next week show off their wares, one thing is certain: domestic politics, global geopolitics and hard-headed economics mean that the British defence and aerospace industries are entering a critical period.

Spending market



Quick Crossword No. 8845

Across
1 TV zapper (6,7)
2 Tart (4)
3 In rage (5)
10 Greedy for wealth (10)
12 Unemotional (5)
14 Brigand (5)
15 Remarkable (10)
19 Peevish (5)
20 Partly open (4)
21 Sausages baked in batter (4-2-3-4)

Down
1 Dig out (8)
2 Direct — class — discipline (5)
4 Lured (7)
5 Surpass (5)
6 Treachery (7)
7 Above — finished (4)
11 Cocktail (5) — tennis lob (4,4)
13 Feeble (7)
14 Cast a spell over (7)
16 School — transport (5)
17 Attain (5)
18 Nothing (4)

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Saturday September 5 1998

So what does ex-governor of Hong Kong Chris Patten reveal in the controversial book that was too hot for Rupert Murdoch to publish? From the former colony **John Gittings** on the memoirs of a man who never lost face

I was all right, Jack

The dust will fly when Chris Patten's account of how Britain backed out of Hong Kong a year ago is published in Britain this month. East And West is the book that Rupert Murdoch reckoned would upset the applecart of his commercial interests in China; his publishing firm, HarperCollins was forced to pull out of the deal.

Political memoirs don't usually create such wide international ripples. But Our Last Man in Hong Kong's musings get a four-page going-over in the current New York Review of Books; his words are being pored over in Hong Kong; they are likely to be pirated for an edition in Beijing.

Whatever the mainland and Hong Kong Chinese make of his account of his dealings with the government in Beijing, the New York reviewer reckons that Patten, never short of a vision or two, wants to be regarded as "the Tocqueville of contemporary Asia". Though he says Patten — subject of a Jonathan Dimbleby TV series and a biography — isn't big enough to fill the French historian's boots.

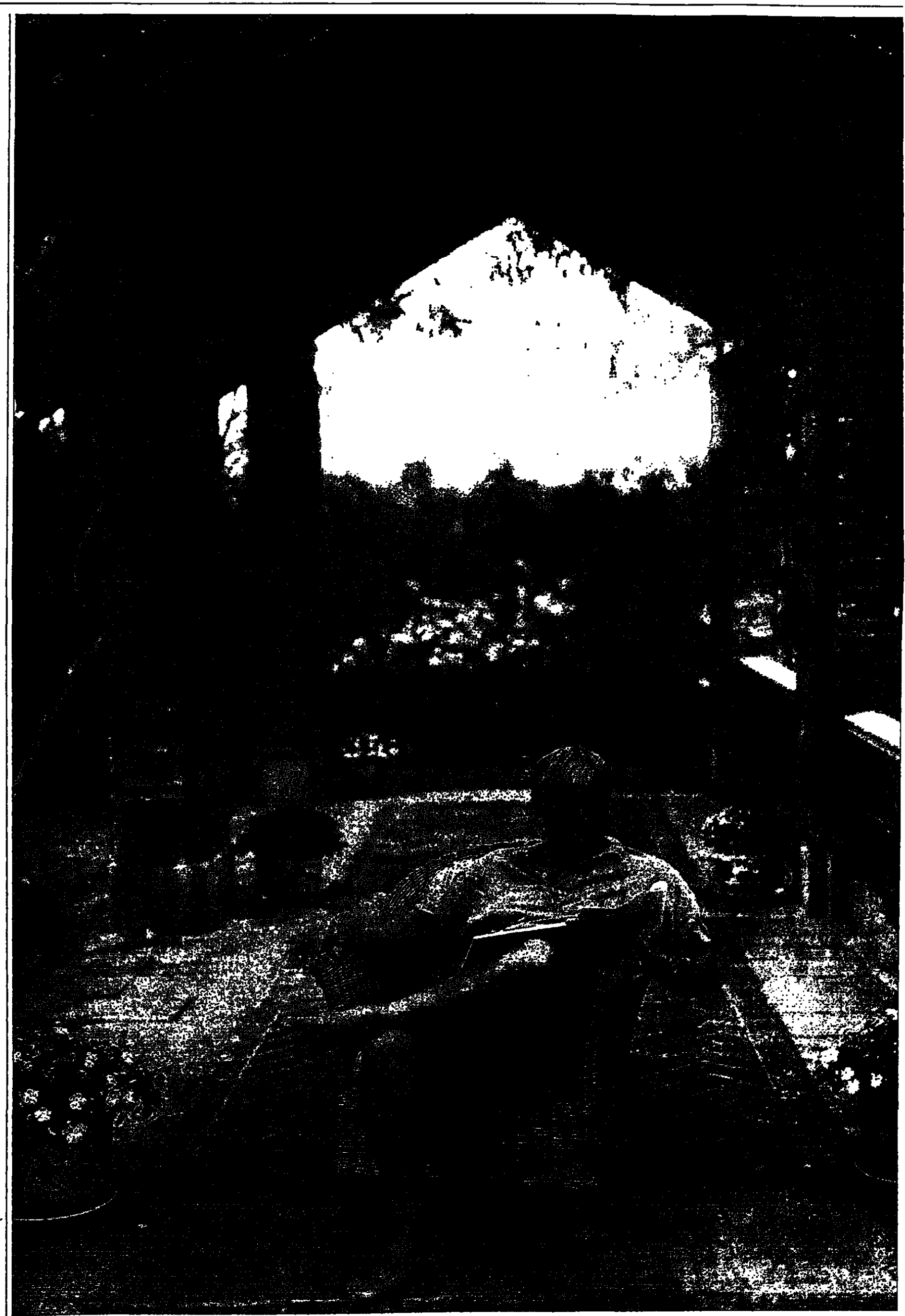
In East And West: China, Power, And The Future Of Asia, Patten has produced a virtuoso polemic to explain just how China should be handled and why most people — the author excepted — have got it wrong. And he also tackles the Asian miracle.

Names are mostly not mentioned but they don't need to be. Bill Clinton gets a reprimand for his policy of constructive engagement. "What is coddling dictators, one year," says Patten acidly, "becomes the sophisticated attempt to make sense of a multi-

faceted relationship the next." In Patten's view, Tony Blair comes over as slightly naive, expecting too much of substance, to emerge from the formal contacts with Chinese leaders at the handover. No doubt the Prime Minister — who visits Beijing next month — will be pondering Patten's stern advice. "You have to be very careful not to pay a price for such a visit," he pronounces, "and then have precious little to show for it."

Patten stood firm when he visited Beijing in October 1992, after tabling his famous plan for speeding up democracy in Hong Kong. He insists that his plan was compatible with what had been agreed with China. The Chinese leadership could only object that it violated the "spirit" of the understandings. The Chinese leadership asked him to respect their face. He, quite reasonably, felt that they should allow him face, too. Instead, they played silly games with "carefully calibrated... snubs". Patten went back to Hong Kong where he was denounced as the "whore of the East" and the "tango dancer" (because he had said it takes two to tango diplomatically). From then on, through very complicated negotiations which bored Patten, it was steadily downhill.

But his ire is not really directed at the Chinese, but at those in the west who don't know how to handle the Chinese. In his country retreat in France, Patten explains, he has been practising kowtowing. Banging one's head on the floor nine times takes a bit of doing. Yet senior members of the European Union, he exclaims, not only kowtow with alacrity but even ask: "Must I only bang my head on the



ground nine times? Why not 12?" Patten has his own formula for dealing with the Chinese: if face matters so much, then we should deny it to them unless they play fair. Ration the red carpet treatment; if the Chinese want our goods they'll buy them.

Life in Hong Kong has moved on a long way since last year. People there will find East And West less of a revelation. A full account of Patten's writing appeared in the Sunday Morning Post a couple of weeks ago and didn't cause any shockwaves. Joseph Cheng, the Hong Kong Chinese academic who reviewed the tome, pointed out that however brilliant Patten's strategy

looks on paper, in the end his "confrontation with China has not secured any substantial concession for Hong Kong". He also argued that Patten should have spent less time criticising Asia's authoritarian leaders, and more on how to strengthen Asian civil society.

In another Morning Post review, independent legislator Margaret Ng commented that the book reveals few secrets about Hong Kong's last years under British rule. Nor was she convinced by Patten's confidence that when Margaret Thatcher and Geoffrey Howe reached agreement with China in 1984, they really meant to bring western democracy to Hong

Kong. Here Patten is in a bind — "Don't mention the Tory ministers" — those ultimately responsible for the last 15 years of British control in Hong Kong.

Honourably, Patten believes that Hong Kong deserved better from London, and that British rule in the end "fell below the highest standards of its colonial record in the very last of its significant colonial responsibilities".

He is rightly critical of the "slithering away from the promises on democracy [in 1984]". Britain soon conceded China's argument that policies between London and Beijing for the next 15 years should "converge". From then, he con-

cludes, Britain was on a slippery slope. In a fine Pattenism he declares that "for the next dozen years, all one could hear diplomatically was the squeak and squeal of British boots trying to find a footing in the mud".

He also argues that in 1988 (when Britain backtracked — under Chinese pressure — on its promise to begin direct elections) it would have been much better to defy Beijing. "A more genuinely democratic legislature," he writes, "would have had almost a decade to establish its personality, its credentials, and its public support before the transition to Chinese rule".

Yet who, after all, if not Patten's

Patten... practising kowtowing in his French retreat

PHOTOGRAPH: ROBIN ALLISON SMITH

ministerial colleagues, took these mistaken decisions? The names Geoffrey Howe and Douglas Hurd do not feature in this context, nor those of Margaret Thatcher and, later on, John Major. Instead, Patten fires his sarcastic salvos at those that he regards as the real culprits, "honourable men with fine minds in London and Hong Kong who had been trained over many years to know what was best for those who they ruled".

So the Hong Kong establishment was to blame,

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We're all doomed, but I see no reason to worry about it

Marina Benjamin refuses to be depressed about this week's global gloom, and says we should be positive about the millennium

When the expectation of crisis at the last century's end failed to give Oscar Wilde a sufficiently satisfying frisson, he famously complained: "It's the *fin de siècle*. I wish it were *fin du monde*." Would that he were here to conjure a suitable epigram today. For as this century draws to its close, there's enough *fin du monde* in the air for anyone.

The collapse of global capitalism, environmental catastrophe, toppling monarchs and presidents, the breakdown of technological infrastructure, the boiling of land and sea: these are some of our favourite apocalyptic things. And this summer seems to have alarmed us about all of them. Judging by the panic currently abroad, it looks as if the doom-sayers might be on to something.

For 2,000 years the Book of Revelation has provided a menu for the end of the world. But are we really flirting with the end of the world as Revelation foretold? Or is the shadow of the End-time providing us with other satisfactions? Could it be that we have ceased taking pleasure in denying the world its prophesied end?

Wilde would have appreciated that, since it recognises that given the choice between struggling on with a bunch of intractable global problems — adult, boring — and wiping the slate clean, there are times when the radical course of action has greater appeal. Infinitely though it may be, if our hunger for resolution cannot be met, we begin to long for destruction. Perhaps that

accounts for our endless fascination with the millennium bug. It is difficult to say exactly when the nineties became nervous, but anxiety levels soared with the discovery of this death-watch beetle. Lurking within our computer networks, it promises to trigger a chain-reaction that will dismantle our global infrastructure. American millenarians have long suspected that the Antichrist might be holed-up in the circuitry of our technologies.

But the Y2K fits the bill of paranoia better than either the universal bar code or secretly implanted microchips. It is capable of generating maximum disarray from a single nerve centre. It will detonate itself the very moment 1999 clicks into 2000, which means that instead of worrying about when disaster will strike, we simply need to decide whether to welcome or fight it.

Lately, barely a day seems to have passed without adding a new catastrophe to the mounting tribulations in store for us. You can expect planes to fall out of the sky and national grids to go down, perhaps irreparably. Add to this the prospect of traffic lights going haywire, hospital life-support systems turning themselves off, banks voiding our savings accounts, and global disaster begins to build. According to some dabblers in prophecy, a second Chernobyl may well await, should our nuclear reactors decide to offer their own toxic serenade to the new era.

What galls us most about the millennium bug is that it resists remedy. Even bug-busters are running scared, with *Wired* magazine

reporting that a posse of them, fearing the worst, have abandoned civilisation and fled into the wilderness of Arizona. The Bug refuses to yield its mystery. We still have no way of knowing whether our fears of electronic apocalypse are real or imaginary, no way of telling where disaster will strike and where it may be averted. What stops us all being millenarians is that none of us is capable of distinguishing the saved from the damned.

One feature of our present imaginative paralysis is that we are bereft of visions of new Edens, devoid of belief in renovation. Unable or unwilling to pin our hopes on the future, we have taken to fixating over the present.

This summer we trembled at the nuclear arm-wrestling between India and Pakistan and anxiously monitored the mad weather from Athens to Texas, which seemed to prove that the Greenhouse Effect was not simply a ruse cooked up by eco-scientists desperate for government funding. The other two horsemen of the apocalypse got a look-in when scandal broke over genetically modified foods, amid warnings that the bountiful harvest which Monsanto imagined would feed the over-populated world of the future would be nothing like as fruitful. It would deliver considerably less.

In the past couple of weeks, things appear to have gone from bad to worse. In the aftermath of America's air-strikes against Islamic fundamentalist terrorists, fears are rife that Clinton has only succeeded in igniting a post-modern war of attrition likely to drag on for years. And with Boris Yeltsin failing to preside presidentially over Russia's crisis, share prices across the globe plummeted.

The markets have never been more volatile: for the first time this decade, there was a net flow of money out of American mutual funds — the conduit through which ordinary Americans invest in the stock market. I ought to confess millenarian inclinations of my own. I have been engaged in a millenarian activity: compiling a list of our worldly woes.

Look anywhere in the literature of born-again American doom and you learn that it is through such stock-taking exercises that those intent on matching contemporary events to Biblical prophecies seek to reassure themselves that armageddon cannot be far off. But my point is not about whether the unravelling of biblical conundrums allows us to calculate our proximity to the end of the world. It's about psychology.

What is it about such list-making that has the power to induce in us vertigo, a sense of existing on the brink of things? Is there some dark force at work in the human

psyche, a catastrophe reflex, which wants to insist that reversals of fortune are inexorable and part of the fabric of existence?

When life appears to have been relatively stable for a while, we become less, rather than more, convinced that things will continue as they are. So the longer things refuse to go wrong, the more precarious we feel. For eight and a half years, disaster has held off. And although we construct real-life calamities such as Chernobyl, Black Monday and the hole in the ozone layer as "mini-endings", ominous portents of worse to come, we have survived them.

From the vantage point of now, when even family entertainment films depict humanity's final hour, we have to pinch ourselves to remember that the nineties were not always nervous. The decade opened on a note of relief; the aversive eighties were behind us and there was a genuine feeling of widened possibility, boosted by our drawing of a line under the East-West enmities of the Thatcher-Reagan era. The new world promised to be a kinder, gentler place. Social experiments abounded, with travellers, ravers and eco-warriors; techno-optimism found the Internet; and there was an explosion in alternative medicine and New Age spirituality. Positive thinking was on the ascent, encouraged by a new emphasis on our common humanity.

And the cold war was over, leaving us free to attempt new ways of existing in the world, without bogymen, boundaries and wars, and new ways of moving forward. On this wave of optimism Francis Fukuyama wrote *The End Of History And The Last Man*, arguing that the apocalypse had already happened, neither with bang nor whimper, but with the peaceful disintegration of the Eastern bloc nations — the Velvet Apocalypse. For Fukuyama, this was the decade in which the other millennium of peace and prosperity would arrive as pan-global liberal capitalist democracy.

Fukuyama may well have been flying high on western economic imperialism, but the extent to which the early nineties were animated by genuine hope may be gauged by the horrified reactions to the Armageddonist impulses of David Koresh at the Waco siege. We could no more share his conviction that the world was coming to an end than we could accept him as the seventh angel sent to announce the Kingdom of God. He was just a loony monster.

That was in 1993. So what's changed since then? How did we flip from optimism to pessimism, calm to panic in five years? To some degree, of course, the calen-

Illustration: Mick Brownfield

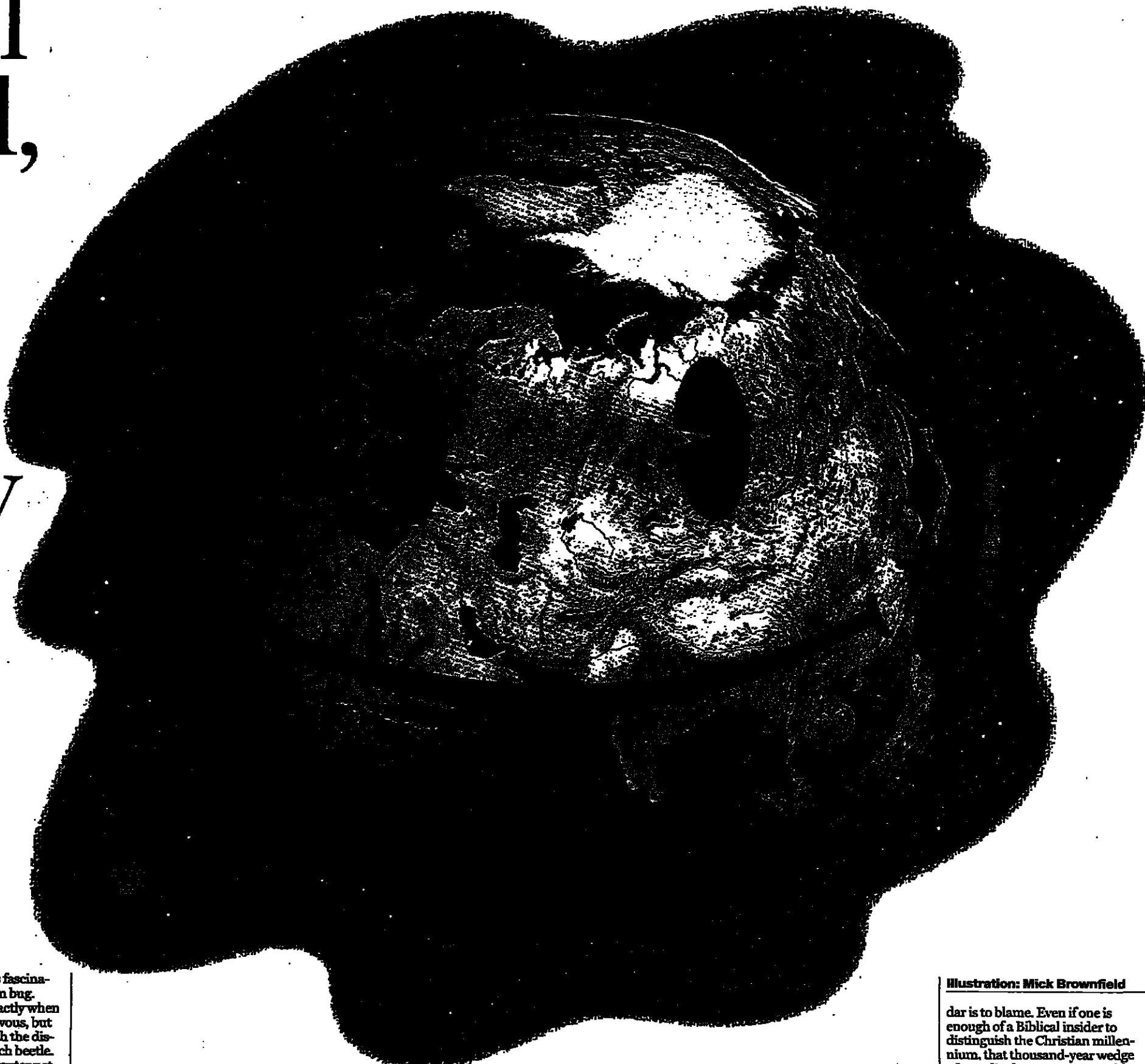
dar is to blame. Even if one is enough of a Biblical insider to distinguish the Christian millennium, that thousand-year wedge of paradise between Armageddon and the Last Judgment, from the man-made millennium of numbers, all those zeros do seem ominous. The nearer we get, the louder they signal finality.

With less than 500 days to go, we need to do better, unless we are prepared to capitulate to irrationality. I suspect that the reasons behind our panic at the hint of global problems spinning out of control, beyond political or even religious remedy, are our loss of faith in institutional authority.

Politics has forsaken vision for management — and appears to be making a hash of it, judging by last week's meeting of unfortunates, which is how one Russian paper described the talks between Clinton and Yeltsin. The major religions seem to have abdicated from the world. It's not for nothing that Peter Mandelson's millennium Dome Spirit Zone seems destined to remain empty.

Empty spaces can be filled. Our disillusion with national and spiritual leaders can challenge us to imagine new ways of awakening idealism from its Blairite slumber. I believe that imagination has been the real casualty of *fin de siècle*. Though bravely we'll get us through the next 16 months, we will only thrive beyond them if we allow ourselves to imagine we can.

Marina Benjamin is the author of *Living At The End Of The World* (Picador, £12.99)



Bang to rights

It's set to be a massive hit but how accurately does *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels* portray criminal life? Great Train Robber **Bruce Reynolds** takes aim

Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels isn't *Get Carter*, neither is it *Performance*. The Italian Job or *The Long Good Friday*. It's not *The Great British Gangster Movie*, but it is the most audacious debut film I've ever seen. The director, Guy Ritchie, has tipped his hat — on, rather, mugged and come out with something that is derivative and innovative at the same time. That might sound contradictory,

but this is a contradictory sort of movie. I enjoyed the film on a cerebral level, but I didn't find myself emotionally involved. I thought perhaps the humour had been added to present a balance of political correctness. Having said that, a lot of things in the criminal world operate on the chaos factor and Murphy's Law — if something can go wrong, it will. In the late fifties my gang would always have two bags in the car: a bag of loot, and

a bag of tools which we would always throw away in the Thames after a job. On one occasion we threw the loot into the Thames instead of the tools. Other times we would mistakenly steal cars which had already been stolen by another gang. But I always have to question the amalgam of violence and comedy in modern films, where you switch from laughing your socks off one minute and being shit scared the next — it can diminish the edge-of-the-seat

effect. There's a robbery scene in *Straight Time* with Dustin Hoffman which I find absolutely riveting, everything in your being is screaming: "Get the fuck out of there!" That's the sort of involvement that isn't there for me in *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels*. Apart from a couple of splinter-twisting frissons, the violence didn't engage me. I found myself more drawn to the brilliant technical aspects of the film. It might be one of

Tarantino's strays, but it's the dog's bollocks. Ritchie has thrown everything in there: the Italian Job reference at the end with the shotgun on the ledge; the Sergio Leone-style snapshots of talking guitar music; the brilliant little vignettes like the gun cartidges dancing on the floor. It's probably because Ritchie's got so much in there that he falls short of his target.

The cast is tremendous. Vinnie Jones and Lenny McLean are truly menacing. Seeing them

Reynolds ... "The most audacious film debut I've ever seen"

PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN SMITH

made me think of that game at school — *My Dad Can Fight Your Dad*. Imagine playing that game with Lenny McLean's son: it wouldn't last long.

The film seemed like a series of cameo appearances from everyone who ever trod a prison landing. Various people I used to know are instantly recognisable in these characters, but everything is sharply delineated here.

There are five groups of criminals who are all stereotypes: the rapid softy public schoolboys who grow dope, the big growing Guv'nor ... I've met one or two public schoolboy drug dealers in the nick and just because they went to public school didn't mean they weren't tough.

The violence here is a different ball game to what it was back in my day. We were professional criminals and all professionals have to be ruthless, but violence was mainly out for us because a) it was inefficient and b) it got you a bad press. Although people were executed at various times in those days, punishment usually meant a razor slash or a few broken arms and legs. The cult of the gun has changed all that.

In *Lock, Stock And Two Smoking Barrels*, it's humorous

to see an axe being plunged into someone's back. It arrives with a sigh of relief from an audience who are glad it's not happening to them. The film is a bit cartoonish, a bit shallow, almost a form of *Manga*. I found that things were glossed over a bit, but was constantly surprised by the technical brilliance of the scenes.

The film is a different kind of storytelling to the one I'm used to, much more subliminal and with no central character: it can flash by without registering. I also found the soundtrack a little intrusive: it was geared towards stimulating the emotions as much as possible and didn't always carry the story along.

The dialogue, on the other hand, was great; snapshots of it were brilliant. I particularly liked "It's a dog-eat-dog world and I've got bigger teeth than you" and "You are what you owe". I haven't witnessed people say those exact things, but I've heard equivalents in the real criminal world.

This film might not have been made by someone who has first-hand experience of criminal life, but it's certainly been made by someone who has absorbed every reference from the criminal film. He has a lot of knowledge and he's showing off here, walking a tightrope over Niagara Falls.



books



Word-perfect parodist at work on an imitation England... Julian Barnes

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE PYKE

House of Windsor, Shakespeare, Robin Hood... **Laura Cumming** on a nation that likes to merchandise its history

Heritage slights

England, England
by Julian Barnes
266pp, Jonathan Cape, £15.99

Julian Barnes once wrote a superb essay on the authenticity of English heritage in which he contrasted the nation's horror at the idea of some Johnny Foreigner owning Harrods with its patriotic love of Marmite, Woolworth's and the House of Windsor, all of them stily imported from abroad. What would happen, he wondered, to the individual identity, so dependent on the national identity, if people discovered that all the other symbols were as hollow, as fake and inauthentic as a ploughman's lunch? To explore this question, Barnes has now invented a fiction, a semi-farceful novel in which England is replicated in miniature on the Isle of Wight.

Sir Jack Pitman, a fraudulent billionaire of dubious origins, buys the island, sacks the grumbling locals and simulates the pick of English heritage in a pocket tourist state. Here the creditworthy guest can do Big Ben, the White Cliffs and Stonehenge in the morning, take in Anne Hathaway's Cottage and Dî's grave after lunch. The misty Cotswolds are just a black taxi-ride away from Brontë Country and Harrods is conveniently located within the Tower of London. Real-life attractions have even been imported: lured by promises of unstinting adulation and income, the Royals can be seen waving from Buckingham Palace for a contractual fifteen minutes each day.

Tempted by this bogus, sanitised England, in which everything works and the very postcards come

prestamped, the world's tourists rapidly reject the original. Then the English start to emigrate to this pure market state, unhampered by Westminster — it has independent EU status — or any other misery-clogged reality. Old England loses its prestige, its economy and its population while Sir Jack laughs all the way to the Pitman-owned bank.

So far, so farcical, especially given the endless opportunities for caricature. — Neil Gwynn as an English Carmen with a fresh juice stall, Prior Tuck permanently basting an imitation or, Barnes is a word-perfect parodist, effortlessly mimicking the toffish drawl of the bored and lustful King, the sycophantic cant of corporate management and the gargantuan outbursts of the cartoon-strip magnate. At times the fluency seems slightly inauthentic, as if Barnes had retired to the sofa and let his huge talent do the work. But perhaps this surfeit of comedy bears a metaphor: that Englishness as a quintessence of attributes from Beefeaters to buggery is nothing more than an extended joke.

The longing for authenticity — and the settling for substitutes — is given a serious philosophical perspective throughout the novel. The first section is an extraordinarily delicate portrait of the childhood of Martha, a Pitman executive, whose father left when she was five, the last piece of her favourite jigsaw in his pocket. Not that she necessarily trusts this recollection. "Memories of childhood were the dreams that stayed with you after you woke... a fading after-image of the emotions stirred by such events."

Martha is convinced that history, like memory, is falsification and that nobody can live authentically

anyway. But the actors on the island begin to do just that: Robin Hood scoons the canteen to hunt for dinner in the forest, Dr Johnson becomes so morose that tourists at the Cheddar Cheese file formal complaints. Martha summons Johnson for a brusque reprimand but receives only bitter epigrams in response. Johnson's ancient, melancholy wisdom easily eclipses her modern cynicism: it's a beautifully constructed, tragicomic scene.

Comedy is eclipsed, too, in the elegiac final section in which Martha returns to the mainland to find England regressing to a bucolic, pre-war past of bicycles, fountain-pens and dialling "O" for Operator. Four-lane highways peter out into woodland, the seasons reign again — "a cold summer meant much green tomato chutney". It's as false, in its way, as Pitman's England. But it includes exactly what he forgot: the routine business of everyday life. Our memories may be like heritage sites, artificially constructed, but they cherish the ordinary as well as the ideal.

The leap from semi-farce to exquisite lyricism is abruptly jarring, as if Barnes were sacking Pitman and his replica England. But there is a final scene in which the two are resolved. At a village fete, Martha watches the children enjoying the fancy-dress parade. "They saw all too easily that Queen Victoria was no more than Ray Stout with a red face and a scarf around his head, yet they believed in both Queen Victoria and Ray Stout at the same time." Forget the obsession with authenticity: a willing but complex trust in reality is all you need.

To order a copy of *England, England* at the discount price of £12.98 (plus 99p p&g) call the Guardian Culture Shop on 0500 600102

Fiction in brief

Coast To Coast, by Frederic Raphael (Orion, £16.99) In which the master of snappy, brittle dialogue turns his gaze on a long-married and apparently soon-to-be-divorced couple. **Barnaby Rudge**, a highly successful sitcom writer (the creator of *The Stinkings*), and his wife Marion drive from New England to Los Angeles in a vintage Jaguar intended as a wedding gift for their son. Along the way, they excavate their relationship in minute, painful detail, opening old wounds, trading infidelities, rehearsing old battles and staking out their territory for the future. But if their relentless, brutal sparring seems depressing, wait until they hook up with their dysfunctional children and a melange of former colleagues and paramours. Blandly enjoyable, and filled with some really terrifically hateful conversations, this is an accomplished if ultimately unengaging collection of scenes from a marriage that more people than can care will recognise.

The Ex Files: New Stories About Old Flames, edited by Nicholas Royle (Quartet, £7) Just been binned? Then take comfort in this collection of variations on a rather familiar theme: the angst and misery that accompany the end of a relationship. Luckily, however, *The Ex Files* don't bang on endlessly about treachery and the nightmare of dividing your CD collection in the manner of real life. Instead, there are some splendidly ingenious twists and reimaginings, including Russell Celyn Jones's "Statusphobia", the tale of a rejected husband literally unable to stand up on his own two feet; Michael Marshall Smith's poignant story of a crime writer haunted by the ghosts of times past in "Enough Pizza"; and the Guardian's very own Nick Lezard's wry exploration of what you do when self-love breaks down. Plus Eliza Segrave, John Burnside, Geoff Dyer and Nicholas Shakespeare, to name but a few.

A History of Silence by Barbara Neil (Macmillan, £16.99) Barbara Neil has always had a little difficulty breaking free of comparisons with writers like Joanna Trollope and Mary Wesley to achieve the "literary novel" tag

Heard the one about the comedian who wrote novels, asks **Alex Clark** Love with a good punchline

Blast from the Past
by Ben Elton
271pp, Transworld, £15.99

The success of *Popcorn* the play has obviously left its mark on Ben Elton the novelist, and it comes as no surprise that his latest book started life on stage, enjoying a run of a few weeks earlier this year at the Yorkshire Playhouse. In fact, *Blast from the Past* reads like nothing more than a script or a screenplay, its action set more or less in one room, during a few hours of one night, with past history simply being inserted through flashbacks and reminiscences. What this means is that the action is tight and well-

plotted, the dialogue is punchy, and the whole thing rolls along so nicely that you never have to feel that you're reading a book at all.

We would all be disappointed if Elton didn't take on a few issues, so the appearance in the opening pages of a former Greenham Common woman, now an Equal Opportunities worker at Camden Council, her lunatic stalker, and a US Army General is a welcome sight. In short, the woman, Polly, is being terrorised by Peter, whom she has named "The Bug", and who suffers from the delusion that they enjoy a long-term relationship, conducted mainly by him hurling abuse at her from phone boxes and standing around outside her house in the middle of the night. During

one such fun-filled night, General Jack Kent turns up, sixteen years after his illicit, ideologically incongruous and largely sexual affair with Polly has ended — dropping by, we are given to believe, to rekindle the dying flames of love.

What can one say? Elton handles his characters doggedly through some rather static conversations, in which they rehearse old arguments about pacifism versus militarism, men versus women, America versus England, shooehorning in as many jokey asides as possible (few of which work on the page because they are essentially stand-up observational comedy) and cranking up the tension whenever possible. The ironies come thick and fast: peace woman's life

has been devastated by an agent of unchecked aggression, not once but twice; shock, horror — political and ideological differences don't stop you wanting to have sex with someone; even pacifists sometimes want to kill people, and army officers sometimes keep the peace, etc. The twist at the end of the novel, although undoubtedly dramatic, is more of a shock because it jars with everything that has gone before, than because of any genuine revelation it provides about the characters or their motives.

That aside, there's no harm in a comic caper of this sort, and Elton's fans will probably find much in it to make them chuckle and ponder. After all, it keeps the pot boiling.

Matt Wolf eyes Britain's future 2022 vision

51st State
by Peter Preston
279pp, Viking, £15.99

As what if premises go, Peter Preston's debut novel occupies the realm of what-ifs virtually there already. Preston's conceit is immediately clear from his title: in a grim, dispirited 21st-century Britain some three decades on from Tony Blair, England is annexed to America as a 51st state.

So what else is new, one thinks at first, given a media climate (not least in *The Guardian* under Preston's erstwhile editorship) that has been telling us for years that this country is little more than an American outpost? All *51st State* can hope to do, it would seem, is impress us by degree: not five TV channels plus the extant cable outlay but some 201; not just a tottering monarchy but, worse, an irrelevant lot of "dysfunctional... stewed at the back of the shelf". It's Preston's view of a colonised Britain that it looks much like today only more so, though perhaps only a Guardian veteran would get in a gibe early on at "that old creaking giant of a media conglomerate" otherwise known as News International.

Some of the gags are ones readers might see coming. The BBC, unremarkably, is found to be in thrall to costume drama, albeit of the 1950s variety (whatever that might be), not the Jane Austen kind. The American president, meanwhile, is an inevitable caricature who speaks a sally, mostly ungrammatical patois to suggest that the US may eventually be run by the likes of Billy Bob Thornton. (The book's most frequently used word must be "ain't"). For every good barb — the Duchesse of York and Covent Garden both suffer delicious (if entirely separate) fates — exists a recycled one: an "Oedipus wrecks" line right out of Woody Allen's share of the 1989 anthology film, *New York Stories*. And why use a jokey idea once if it can be made to work again? George-

town is "Highgate on the Potomac," while Carmel many pages on gets to be "Hamptred on the Pacific".

Far more entertaining is Preston's skilful adherence to a novel of political skulduggery and intrigue of a quite conventional sort. *51st State*, after all, isn't set far enough in the future to wow us with a vision, prophetic or otherwise: Preston makes explicit that his is the year 2022 as unimagined by Hollywood — "a creeping accretion of the present" — not a jolting view of what is to come. But with a flair Jeffrey Archer or even Michael Dobbs might admire, Preston understands the boardrooms and bedrooms that make the Establishment tick. Long after the comic arsenal is running low, one is pulled along by a narrative that wastes no time feeding journalists into its stew of misadventure.

The characters' names could have come out of a current-affairs magazine: Warner and Michaelson among the Brits, "Wild Bill" Angeli and Pedro (Paddy) Bordon among the Yanks, alongside a possibly gay side-de camp, Papadopoulos, who goes by the sobriquet of Papa Dop. The women are unusually vivid, even if some may flinch at a post-Thatcherite single-mindedness that adds sex to the thrust to succeed. There's Julie Ekpo, a Nigerian-born tabloid reporter possessed of fierce instincts and initially divided loyalties. And her nemesis-turned-friend, Jenny Warner, a politician's wife whose eventual lesbianism is her response to a loveless England that can't even keep up its libido.

Will some chafe at Preston's portrait of a glum, blighted, referendum-happy land given over to red, white and blue shoulder bags for the ladies and known as USA East? A determined nodding of heads in agreement may be the view from the outset of those who find the novel a confirmation of their worst fears rather than a sustained jape or lampoon. For all its cunning narrative imaginings, *51st State* never seems that far removed from fact.

Matt Wolf is a London correspondent for AP, the American news agency.



Family matters... Barbara Neil

Need to kill a friend? Amsterdam is the place, discovers **John Keenan** Foreign affairs of the heart

Amsterdam
by Ian McEwan
178pp, Jonathan Cape, £14.99

Gazing out of the window from a speeding train, a character in this short but splendid novel notes the dismal progression of factories, housing estates and stalled traffic and concludes that "the human project was not just a failure, it was a mistake from the very beginning". McEwan comes close to concurring with this despairing vision. He is a noted chronicler of our capacity for brutality, selfishness and cruelty. From incest to cannibalism he has left no taboo untouched in his quest to rootle out our darkest desires. In *Amsterdam* the tone is light, but the accent nevertheless is on discord, betrayal, selfishness and death.

Clive, a famous composer, and Vernon, the editor of a prestigious



Master's touch... Ian McEwan

but unsuccessful newspaper, are old friends, together feeling the first worrying twinges of age and infirmity. As in all friendships, there is a giver and a taker. Clive gives, Vernon takes. When Vernon fell ill, Clive visited every day; when Clive twisted his ankle, Vernon asked his secretary to drop off a second-hand present. This lack

of appreciation gnaws at Clive's heart, until Vernon seems not merely egotistical but a monster. Clive never understands that his overwhelming need to bestow has found its match in his friend's bottomless ability to accept. The two men have in common a former mistress, Molly Lane, whose death sets in motion the novel's fairly improbable events. For Molly had many lovers, one of whom is now a Europhobic foreign secretary on the verge of taking over as prime minister. Years ago Molly had photographed this man in drag and when Vernon gets his hands on the prints he seizes his chance to boost his newspaper's ailing circulation, enhance his glory as editor and bring down the hated politico. Clive regards this as a base disclosure of Molly's antic spirit. It is Vernon, not the foreign secretary, who must be eliminated.

Vernon, meanwhile, has a reason to despise Clive, a cultural

snob who puts his muse above all else, even to the point of abandoning a woman whom he could have saved from rape rather than risk losing an idea for his cherished symphony. Clearly, Clive has forfeited his right to be regarded as a fellow-being. Both men decide to do away with the other in Amsterdam, where the attitude towards euthanasia is notoriously relaxed. McEwan manages the unwieldy plot with a master's touch. His greatest skill lies in the subtle nuances of characterisation — how friendship is fuelled by power and competition, how the meaningless victories and defeats of office politics take place in an atmosphere of cheerful hypocrisy and how love affairs, friendships and marriages, never really come to an end, even following the most final of closures. It is in the exact rendition of these small details that this brief novel delivers its considerable delights.

that her books, with their serious themes and emotional complexities, seem to demand. This might be the novel that does it: the story of two sisters unable to speak of the sexual abuse, at the hands of their natural healer father, that punctuated their childhood. Following one of the sisters, Robbie, to Louisiana, where she is to treat an old man crippled by a stroke, Neil cleverly explores the dangers and enticements of examining your past, and the network of silences and deceptions that bind together the surviving members of a traumatised family.

Mons in the Promised Land, by Gish Jen (Granta, £5.99) Gish Jen has an enormous amount of fun with the cultural collisions that ensue when a Chinese girl grows up in the promised land of America in the sixties and seventies. Mona Chang makes great capital out of her Orientalism, telling her schoolmates that she is adept at karate, that women get pregnant with tea in China and that she is fluent in Chinese ("Shee-vel. Ji-nu," she says — that's rice gruel and soy sauce to you). There's even more confusion when she decides to convert to Judaism to get pally with her friend Barbara Gugelstein and to suck up to Rabbi Horowitz, much to the consternation of her parents, who run an American-style pancake house. A brilliantly witty tale of assimilation or the lack of it, this is the second novel from a really talented writer.

Alex Clark

سكيا من الصلح



The right to language... from remu to rangatiratanga, Maori words are included in the groundbreaking Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English

Forget the linguistic wizards of Oz. New Zealanders like Emily Perkins are having their say

Word in a new chum's ear

The Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English
ed Harry Orsman
966pp, Oxford, £90

A recent cartoon in London's Evening Standard depicted a prisoner in a dungeon, inquiring of his guard, "Why do they call it the Encyclopaedia Britannica?" To which the guard responds, with lightning wit, "Would you buy the Encyclopaedia Britannica?" That is it — that is the joke, which manages to be unfunny as well as racist. And yet maybe the guard has a point. Who, aside from a few armchair anthropologists and the Aborigines themselves, is going to be interested in their encyclopaedia?

A sceptic could ask the same about the *Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English*. The result of over 40 years' work by its editor Harry Orsman (it started life as a doctorate thesis), this is the most comprehensive record of New Zealand words and phrases to date. From Aotearoa to Nirezillun to Zealandia, the compilation on historical principles of 6,000 headword entries and 9,300 separate subentries reads as an intriguing, random overview of New Zealand's past and present.

Maori words are included with, where possible, examples of all early spellings: the rimu tree was also known as demu, dimu chimu, rema, remo and remu. The loan words are mostly plant names, but there are widely used phrases too, and a previously contentious word, rangatiratanga (the Maori version of the Treaty of Waitangi granted tino rangatiratanga or chiefly authority to the Maori, but the English version made no mention of it and the authority was presumed ceded) is translated definitively here.

Whaling provides a few juicy words, happily for whales (though sadly for us) now obsolete — slungullion is the official, which the tonguer might have left beside the sheers after cutting in. Whalers were followed by the settlers, aboriginals and squatterocracy with their paddocks, gummies and cowspanking. Goldmining, farming, sport and prison cultures have all contributed abbreviations or colloquialisms specific to New Zealand (you don't want to be a sex or kidfucker in Parrie Max, unless you're coming as a shit-house rat). These, needless to say, tend towards the macho, and it's a country where a milkbar cowboy has traditionally had the advantage over a pillion pussy, though neither breed survived the 1950s.

As Orsman writes in his introduction, "Pioneer immigrants... had to cope with 'bush', 'creek' and 'gully' replacing 'woods', 'brook' and 'vale'." The New Zealand words sound harsher, wilder — this is not a place for socks. Still, for Jimmy Grants from Pomogolia things could have been worse — the early New Zealanders called immigrants "new chums" (how, ever ironically, while Newfoundlanders, another isolated population, have always distanced any visitor with the title CFA (Come From Away)).

Orsman and his researchers have trawled letters, journals,

newspapers and countless books of fiction and non-fiction to support the entries with 47,000 quotations. Newspapers are much in evidence as sources, indicating the willingness of New Zealand journalism to embrace colloquialisms. A heading in Wellington's Dominion from 1995, "Police Hunt Sicks", is followed by the explanatory: "A police hunt for an extremely sick individual who trashed a Whangarei woman's home and pinned her goldfish to the wall with butcher's knives continued last night." Also that year the same paper informed us of "Thihaps Gumbboot Day", the day when the world gumbboot throwing record is annually under threat. Funny how you build up a picture of a place, eh?

Slang makes up a big part of the language and there has often been a paucity of written sources to support the definitions. In these instances, oral evidence may have been noted, as in "voo, v. To have sexual intercourse (with)". 1941 root first heard by Ed. at St Patrick's College, Silverstream.

But it's not all as rough as guts. Literary fiction gets a fair suck of the saw, too. The quotations range from Dennis Glover to Robin Hyde, Alan Curnow to Katherine Mansfield, Keri Hulme to Janet Frame — and illustrate the wide-spread assimilation of some Maori words as well as the influence of the elements and landscape on the language.

The respected novelist Maurice Gee, so the story goes, received some galley proofs back from his UK publishers with a particular

amendment. A family which "owned a back in the Souds" now, thanks to the copy editor, owned "a beach in the Souds" — a giant leap in social standing. Gee corrected the word back to beach — a small unpretentious holiday hut familiar to New Zealanders of all classes — but the finished copies went out with the family fortunes raised forever. The point is not that, if only publishers had had access to this dictionary before now, New Zealand novels might have been printed more accurately. It is that a small, isolated country has few opportunities to present its language and perspectives to the larger world: while hardcase Kiwi children may grow up eating lamingtons and pumpkin pies, wearing jandals and playing at lolly scrambles, they are reading about baseball and pumpkin pie and snow at Christmas. Fine — all part of acquiring curiosity about the world, which usually culminates in an Overseas Experience. But there is also a satisfaction in imagining that a non-New Zealand reader might be sent to the dictionary to decipher exactly what is meant by "rip, shit or bust" — though it might be self-explanatory.

The *Oxford Dictionary of New Zealand English* is a fascinating document. From the historical (Girl's War, pre-fleet, speeler) through the natural world (bush alone requires seven and a half pages, with combinations covering another eight), to still current phrases like crack a fat and demo party, this is a thorough and accessible guide. If there is any disappointment, it is the absence of words such as mahinis, muntah, gruts and choice plus, the meanings of which

are known to any New Zealand under forty. Perhaps Orsman, clearly no fuck-knuckle, will include them in his forthcoming *Dictionary of New Zealand Slang*. There is the last question of New Zealand identity — an identity that, despite assertions of arrival ("I'm all grown up now") is still being forged and worried over, mirror-gazing like any adolescent. Will New Zealand remain "Australia's boring cousin", a place too engrossed with sheep, horses, bush etc to come up with "high-octane linguistic innovation" as one recent editorial had it — the conservative land of "Ladies bring a plate"? What about the romantic, uncomplicated South Sea islands, a vision only believable if you half-close your eyes and murmur like mantras words you probably do not know the meanings of: imanga, pipiripihata, kerewai. The staunch Man Alone hasn't loosened his grip yet, though he's metamorphosed from a Harvey Keitel type who's taken the blanket to a bloke going solo in a celt, all cock and ribs like a mustered dog. Will one of these old, surely outdated incarnations of New Zealand hold true?

Or, with the speed of development and openness to influence that the *Dictionary* illustrates, perhaps a new language — a New Zealand English influenced by US American, urban and rural Maori, Pacific Islanders, Asian immigrants and returned travellers — will continue to develop and mutate, from the schoolyard to beyond. Oath mate, you never know.

Emily Perkins's novel *Leave Before You Go* was published by Picador earlier this year.

The Loafer

Poor Bret Easton Ellis. After a round of profiles and interviews in which the self-styled bad boy bemoans his lack of money, success and popularity, comes the news that Leonardo DiCaprio has pulled out of the forthcoming film version of *American Psycho*. Presumably, it didn't quite fit the clean-cut image, and the Titanic star has gone off to start work on *The Beach* instead — backpacking is so much nicer than torture and mutilation. It's unlikely that DiCaprio or any of his ilk will be auditioning for the part of a hobbit or Gollum in a mooted screen adaptation of *The Lord of the Rings*, to be filmed in New Zealand, the closest thing to Middle Earth that the world has to offer.

Stephen King, over here to promote his new novel *Bag of Bones*, took time off to watch cricket at Trent Bridge with his publishers. Sadly, the match was abandoned on account of rain. No matter — the legendary Dickie Bird was on hand to show the VIPs round, and a good time was had by all. The only dark cloud — apart from the inky — came as a mystified Bird was heard to remark "Who on earth was that?"

The Borders juggernaut rolls on, with a press release announcing a "spectacular calendar of events" to celebrate the Oxford Street store's grand opening in September. The highlight of this piece of hyperbole must be the "rare appearances by Irvine Welsh and Richard E. Grant", two figures hardly renowned for their shyness or reclusive tendencies, and whose ubiquity threatens to eclipse their talent. Coming a close second is the promise of *Maeve*

Binchy and Billy Bragg, a double bill the like of which London has surely never seen before.

It's been a good week for curious correspondence. The first missive comes from the tragically unpublished poet Andrew Tait. Readers might remember that Tait went on hunger strike last year in an attempt to attract a publisher for his magnum opus, *Beauty is in the I of the Beholder*, which tells the story of "the soul's confrontation with the forces of twentieth century obsidian darkness". Clearly, Tait got peckish, because this year he threatens to drink disinfectant on National Poetry Day if no eager editor is forthcoming. "I have chosen a slow way to die in order to try and expiate my bad thoughts for certain poetry publishers over all these years" he glooms. Resisting the temptation to lob a bottle of Dettol in a jiffy bag, the Loafer simply points to a cautionary tale: that of the late Jeff Bernard, who threatened suicide under a hard-hearted lover's bedroom window, and was rather taken aback to find a large bottle of sleeping tablets winging its way to him through the air, amid cries of "Go on then, do it!"

Another peculiar letter comes from the organisation Veda Shield Tantra Shield, whose letterhead places them at the forefront of International Action for the Non-proliferation of Vedic and Tantric Power. Quite right, too. They send a vile and scurrilous limerick, the subject of which is none other than Booker Prize winner Arundhati Roy. Malicious, libellous and far too filthy to print in a family newspaper — and worse still, it doesn't even scan.

Martin Wainwright on't truth about poets and other folk up North

From Yorkshire to the moon

All Points North
Simon Armitage
246pp, Viking, £14.99

I must be trying to come from part of Britain with no real image, like Kettering perhaps or the mysterious empty spaces which make up Lincolnshire. But there are disadvantages too in having your DNA set in everyone else's mental concrete, as happens to those of us from Yorkshire.

One of them is the lure of such a distinctive type to native writers, caught between the genuine appeal of supposedly "Northern" attributes and the fact that they are what the outside world insists we are like. The familiar nuclei of quirky bluntness duly bounce around in Simon Armitage's look at his home patch where "England tucks its shirt into its underpants".

It probably isn't the fault of the Huddersfield Poet that this phrase was skewered from 240 pages — full of much more original material — by a blur-writer with the usual kestrel's eye for a pithy summary of Up North. But you can correctly judge rather too much of this book by the rest of its cover: an archetypal "Yorkshire" pair sat in a gum parody of *The Glass of Absinthe*, with a non-brewed condiment bottle in place of Degas' drink and a most uncool light-fitting on the wall.

The effect will be popular but also a pity, in so far as it dilutes the originality of other Armitage images, which have made him such a deservedly popular poet. I like him when he watches Jupiter from Robin Hood's Bay and uses string, two conkers, a protractor and his watch (what wonderful pocket contents) to measure the distance to the moon.

Armitage also has a distinctive, what you might call post-Methodist approach to the Pennine valleys, which makes a refreshing change from traditional lays about independent, yeoman qualities and hard graft. I can't vouch for its complete absence, but the word "chapel" doesn't figure much. When someone of Armitage's age sees a church in West Yorkshire, they assume in his words that "it's probably a discount centre or an architect's house".

This isn't my view, any more than I'd accept his contention that his own Colne Valley had a "long pleasant afternoon nap" in the 1970s when everyone automati-

cally voted Liberal because the local MP Richard Wainwright "was a good man and that was all anybody needed to know". I must declare a filial interest, but also knuckles permanently misshapen by knocking on just about every door in Marsden, no doubt including the Armitages, as really ferocious battles raged over majorities like 187 and 719.

That experience overturned a lot of false assumptions — political parallels of class about the North — especially the idea that Liberals are too nice to win in a rough game like politics. But I can see how differently it seemed to Simon and his teenage mates, whose twist on the MPs' "Now you can vote" welcome to 18-year-olds — they apparently sold them to 15-year-olds to get them into the pub — is brilliantly deflating.

Armitage also draws great strength and credibility from his years as a probation officer, which have helped to give his poetry depth. A short passage on the morning drill for the bail intervention officer at Oldham magistrates court, with a convincing ear for the crude repartee between officers and cells, speaks volumes about petty criminals and the police.

This is much better than knocks at predictable aunt sallies like Harvey Nicks in Leeds or the enormous HQ in the city of the national health service, with its strange rooftop device. Calliope & Co unusually desert Armitage as he struggles to compare this prong to a crucifix or a crow's nest. It is locally known as Mrs Bottomley's Syringe, in honour of the then secretary of state for health.

The recycling element of the book also comes as a bit of a disappointment, with slabs of radio and TV script inserted in a practice more familiar in posthumous collected works. This jars in a similar way to bits of nonsense from the newspapers scattered about under the heading *News Just In*; it also weakens some of the poet's images through repetition.

One example is the annoyingly colonial concept of Armitage's that the M1 "does an emergency stop" at its northern end in Leeds. The correct view is that the M1 starts from Leeds and does an emergency stop in Hendon (doesn't the very name give you the creeps?), instead of speeding us Yorkshire types onwards in our mission — so ably accompanied by Armitage in modern English poetry — to dominate the world.

The Taliban are the servant of two masters, says Hugh Carless — Allah and the oil companies

Bad for women, good for motorists

The Taliban: War, Religion and the New Order in Afghanistan
by Peter Marsden
162pp, Zed Books, £12.95

Four years ago a new phenomenon erupted in Afghanistan: the Taliban. By religion they were strict Sunni Muslims; by race, Pushtun (Pathans), who comprise 40 per cent of the Afghan population; by origin, young militia men recruited from Islamic schools, often the Afghan refugee camps of Pakistan, enjoying the support of Pakistan, Saudi Arabia and certain oil companies, they appeared by May 1997 to have gained control of all the main towns of Afghanistan.

They were then recognised as the government by Pakistan and Saudi Arabia. Although they temporarily failed to hold Mazar-i-Sharif in the north, they imposed their strict interpretation of Islamic Sharia law over two thirds of the country. Their social policies are harsh, particularly for women. Their successes alarmed Iran, Uzbekistan and Russia.

Peter Marsden is a Middle East specialist who has worked for the past eight years with the British Agencies Afghanistan Group. His timely and objective book describes the proxy and civil war fought for the control of Afghanistan and, thus, for access to the trade, oil and gas of the young Central Asian



Good working order — a Taliban militiaman checks his AK47

republics. It traces the rise of the Taliban as a revivalist Islamic movement and analyses their puritan social and gender policies and the tensions which have consequently arisen between them and the United Nations and other humanitarian relief agencies working in Afghanistan. As a military force, the Taliban had their origin in Kandahar,

which they captured in 1994. They soon gained adherents in the Pushtun heartlands in the east, south and south west of Afghanistan. In 1995 they took Herat and, in 1996, first Jalalabad and then Kabul, the capital, which had been held since 1992 by the Tajik-led Mujahadin (anti-Soviet resistance). Herat and Kabul had for centuries been relatively cultured Persian speaking

cities and in both the harshness of Taliban rule would seem to have been particularly severe.

In 1997, Taliban troops crossed the Hindu Kush range and advanced to Mazar-i-Sharif. But here, they were counter-attacked by troops of the Northern Alliance of minority races — Uzbeks, Hazaras, Tajiks and Ismailis — and most of them were driven back over the

Hindu Kush to a front-line which ran just above Kabul. However, in July 1998, the Taliban mounted a further offensive in the north, capturing Mazar-i-Sharif and other urban centres and splintering the Northern Alliance.

Last autumn, a consortium of oil and gas companies, including the US-owned Unocal and the Saudi Arabian Delta Oil, announced an agreement to build a US\$2-billion natural gas pipeline from Turkmenistan through Afghanistan to Pakistan, with security guaranteed by the Taliban. The victorious Taliban are now likely to demand recognition from the UN and the Western powers.

Under the Taliban, urban life has assumed a rustic simplicity. The Department for the Promotion of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice requires men to grow beards and wear turbans and women to don the burqa (full length veil) when going out. Education and employment for women have been curtailed while music, chess, television and kites have been banned.

This book deserves attention as a first study of an Islamic phenomenon which is repressive in its social and racial policies, and as hostile to Western, as it is to Communist, values. The military success of the Taliban seems likely to have far-reaching consequences for Russia and Iran as well as for central Asia.

Hugh Carless is a former British ambassador.

arts

He created the horror movie, and then his life became one...

Jonathan Jones on the troubled life and times of James Whale, creator of *Frankenstein*

It was undiluted Hollywood Gothic, a scene straight out of Sunset Boulevard. The House on Amalfi Drive in Pacific Palisades, an expensive suburb between Malibu and Santa Monica, had been quiet for years except for some parties the owner gave around the pool. He was said to have been a big studio director back in the thirties. On May 27 1957, James Whale directed himself in one last scene. He gave his housekeeper the day off and waited for his lover, Pierre Roegel, to go to work. Then he went to the pool and threw himself into the shallow end. The coroner concluded the blow to his head did not kill him, so he must have deliberately swallowed water to drown.

"Now there was real horror," said Boris Karloff, whom Whale made a star in his 1931 classic *Frankenstein*. The way the director ended his life recalls the scene in *Frankenstein* where the childlike monster meets a little girl beside a lonely lake. She invites him to play with her, the only moment of humanity he ever enjoys. His terrible face cracks into a grin as they throw flowers on the water. Then in his excitement he picks her up and hurls her in too.

In a forthcoming film it's James Whale who's the outsider haunting the fringes of American society in the dreary, conservative 1950s. Ian McKellen stars as Whale in *Gods And Monsters*, a fictional account of

the director's last days that's to be released in October after a huge critical triumph at this year's Sundance festival. Based on the novel *Father Of Frankenstein*, by Christopher Bram, the film suggests Whale staged his death like a scene from one of his films. Horror writer and film-maker Clive Barker is executive producer, but anyone expecting a slice of Barkeresque splatter will be disappointed. Nor does *Gods And Monsters* mimic its subject's style, like Tim Burton's *Ed Wood*. It's a sensitive, scrupulous film set alight by Ian McKellen's passionate identification with Whale.

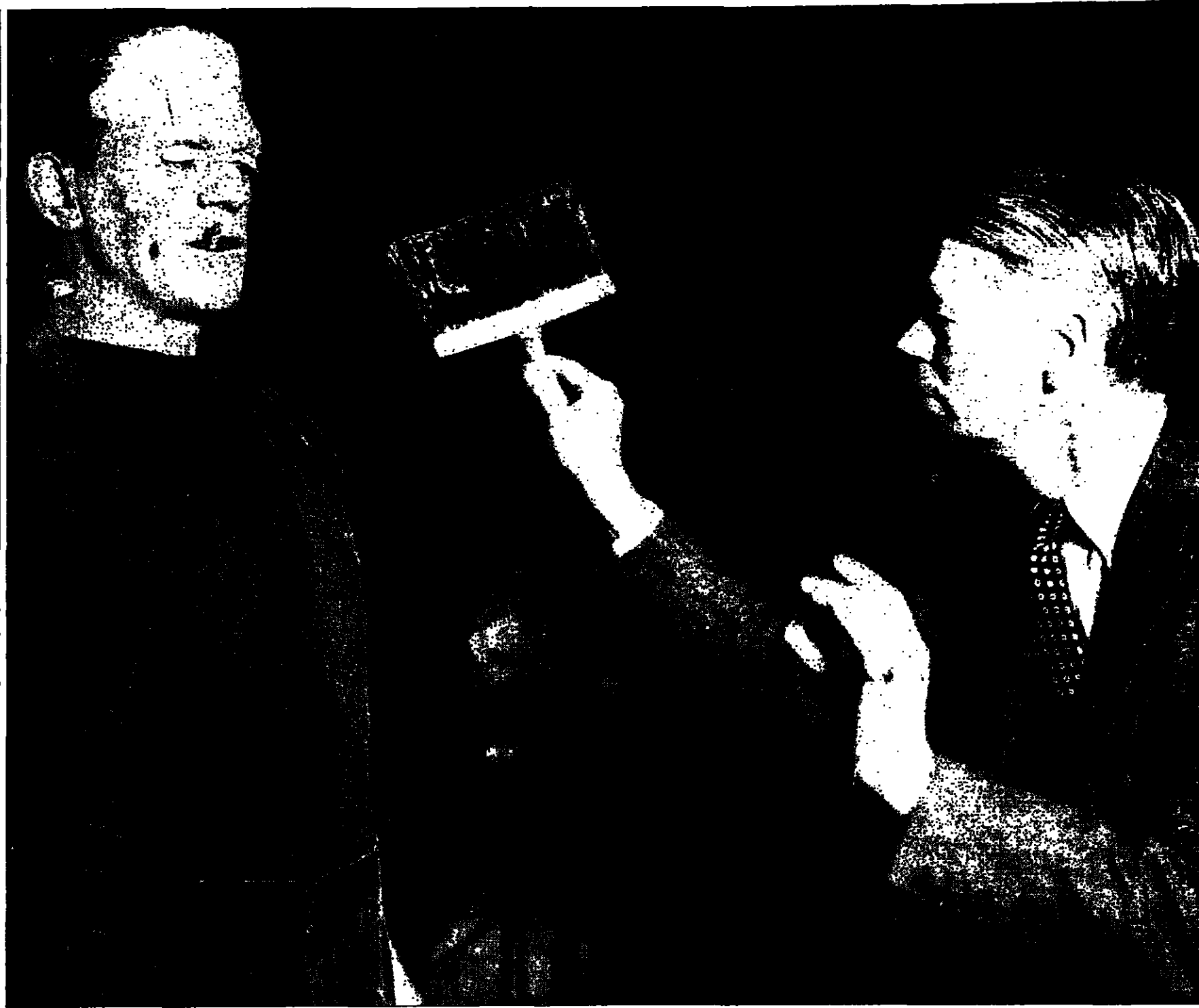
"For me it was a very alluring part," McKellen said. "James Whale was an Englishman abroad; he was a gay man in Hollywood. I've been these things in my life." This is James Whale as Ian McKellen, a performance tipped for an Oscar nomination which, with his role in the forthcoming *Apt Pupil*, has established him as a major screen actor in America. Lynn Redgrave is also hilarious as a Teutonic servant who asks, after they watch Whale's *Bride Of Frankenstein*: "How could you work with that horrible monster?" Whale's desire to die is triggered by a stroke that has left him with an incontinent memory of his divided life. As he tells an interviewer how his father taught at Eton, his uncle was a bishop and he was educated at Harrow, he has a flashback of himself as a boy going to work in a factory billowing with smoke.

James Whale was a man who reinvented himself absolutely and convulsively. Born into a large working-class family in Dudley in 1889, he was a cobbler and panel-beater until the first world war gave him the chance to become an infantry officer. He went to the Western Front, was taken prisoner, starred in amateur theatricals at an officer's prison camp, and returned to Britain with a new patrician accent and confidence. He became part of a London theatrical generation that included John Gielgud and Elsa Lanchester. His most successful West End role was as Herrick Crispin, the syphilitic maniac son of Charles Laughton in the 1928 play *Portrait Of A Man With Red Hair*, in which Laughton kidnaps and tortures a young couple for pleasure.

In 1930 he found himself in Hollywood directing the film of the first world war play *Journey's End*. He was just what the studios needed, an experienced theatre man who could cope with the new talkies. Universal put him on contract and he gave them some of their biggest hits — *Frankenstein*, *The Invisible Man*, *Bride Of Frankenstein*, *The Old Dark House*. Yet by the end of the decade Whale was finished in that town. He retired in 1941 and whiled away his time painting and smoking expensive cigars until the day he was found at the bottom of his pool. McKellen brilliantly captures the sensibility of Whale, a working-class boy posing as an aristocrat. His public persona is controlled and witty, but this mask dissolves before our eyes to expose a vulnerable, Karloffian creature: Whale as simultaneously *Frankenstein* and the monster.

Whale's death became a Hollywood mystery when his business manager pocketed the suicide note. The film returns to the mystery, introducing the fictional character of a big, dumb ex-Marine pool-cleaner who, in Whale's eyes, is the *Frankenstein* monster come to kill him. Even though the note has long since passed into the public domain, with its wistful farewell — "I've had a wonderful life, but it's over" — many feel Whale was indirectly murdered. The killers are easy to pinpoint — the studio execs who treated one of the most original directors ever to work in Hollywood as a B-feature hack. The question is why.

The grimmest possibility, suggested by film historian Vito Russo in *The Celluloid Closet*, is that Whale was driven out of the studios and isolated in Hollywood because from the moment he returned from the war to the day he died, he never concealed or apologised for his sexuality. In *Gods And Monsters*, Whale is contrasted with the closeted George Cukor, director of *Gone With The Wind*, whom he embarrasses in front of Princess Margaret by describing them both as queens. "Whale wasn't in any sense a gay activist," says McKellen, "but his example is one that hasn't been fol-



Watch that ash, dear... Whale attends to Boris Karloff on the set of *Bride Of Frankenstein*. Below, left and right, *The Invisible Man* and *Showboat*

PHOTO: BFI

lowed. Today there's Anne Heche, but there are no men in Hollywood who are out. The fact that Whale was gay and has a gay sensibility is pretty obvious when you look at the movies; they're full of camp jokes which you either get or don't get."

Whale lived for over two decades with producer David Lewis. They attended premieres and parties as a couple. "This was possible because the public didn't have much awareness of what directors did," says McKellen. "The director was very much a studio employee." In the forties there was strong pressure on David Lewis to leave his friend at home. The biopic portrays Lewis as an equivocating timeserver who sees Whale as an entertainment.

The downfall of Whale coincided with the end of Hollywood's most unregulated era, whose most prodigious birth was the horror film. Dangerous subjects were presented as big-budget, family entertainment. Universal, the studio founded by Carl Laemmle in 1917, specialised in horror in the silent era with Tod

Browning directing Lon Chaney, "the man of a thousand faces", as *The Hunchback Of Notre Dame* or a limbless man, but it was in the thirties that Laemmle's son, Junior, hit on the formula of horror melodrama. Other studios competed by exploring disfigurement, necrophilia, erotic obsession and the revolutionary carnival of *Tod Browning's Freaks* (1932), so controversial it almost killed the genre. Yet the most intelligent horrors were the ones made by Universal, and the studio's best horror director was James Whale. His biographers insist on the flexibility of his talent, pointing to forgotten comedies and his 1936 film of *Showboat* with Paul Robeson. But Whale's horror films are his claim to a place in the pantheon of great directors; he was the auteur of the genre, up there with Murnau and Hitchcock.

Horror gave James Whale the freedom to put his sexuality on screen. His mad scientists reject marriage in favour of strange nocturnal pursuits. Henry Frank-

stein's fiancée, who hasn't seen him for months as he works in his solitary tower doing strange things with men's dead bodies, laments how "on the very night of our engagement he told me of his experiments." Henry asks a fellow scientist if he has ever desired to "do something dangerous." In *Bride Of Frankenstein* the ultra-camp, even madder scientist Ernest Thesiger proposes to usher in "a new age of gods and monsters" when men will reproduce themselves without women.

The greatest of them all, *Frankenstein*, is also about betrayal. Having created a monster that seeds him Henry Frankenstein spurns it — "Take it away! Take it away!" he tells his servant — as a closeted film star might reject a lover.

Yet the outsider who moves us most is the monster. In the most breathtaking scene in all his films, Whale summons up society's most lurid fears of strangers. The studio wanted to edit the scene with the lake, frightened it suggested a paedophile murder, but when they made the monster's actions less explicit they seemed more potentially disgusting as Whale's version was restored. The child's father carries her body through the town and arouses a vengeful mob. As they burn the monster to death, Whale makes us empathise with a child-killer.

The dangerous thoughts of James Whale were licensed in the eccentric world of Universal studios. The Laemmles ran Universal as a family — literally, so that in the early thirties all Carl Laemmle's non-English-speaking Jewish relatives from Europe were given jobs as extras. It couldn't last. The studio lost money, and in 1936 Universal was taken over by a business consortium. Whale was harassed over budgets and completion times and his biggest film to date, *The Road Back* (1937, a sequel to *All Quiet On The Western Front*) was hacked about in the cutting room to appease Nazi complaints. Universal made him

serve out his contract on cheap fodder, and he worked on increasingly weak films culminating in *Green Hell* which one of its stars, Vincent Price, described as "about five of the worst films ever made."

James Whale's films are torn between self-invention and a deadly imprisonment in the past. *Frankenstein's* monster is a creature made from dead men's bodies. The *Invisible Man* (1933) is a bandaged freak who unwraps his gaze to reveal a space where his jaw should be. "He's got some terrible injury," says his landlady. The image is of a first world war shell injury, as is the crudely sutured face of Boris Karloff. *Frankenstein* even begins with a trench-like grave in a barren setting that suggests no-man's-land. *Gods And Monsters* places these images at the heart of Whale's imagination. McKellen sees visions of dead comrades beckoning him to join them in

the trenches, and his swimming pool is choked with bodies.

Hollywood was also a no-man's-land. It allowed Whale a freedom he could never have attained in England, accepting his credentials as upper class, and giving him the money to protect himself and his lover from scrutiny. "He liked the money, he liked the weather," says Ian McKellen. But freedom gave way to a void when the studios suddenly had no use for him. He broke up with David Lewis and gave pool-side parties for boys. The stroke that led to his suicide was misdiagnosed as depression, and in a *Frankenstein* irony, the hospital gave him unnecessary electric shock treatment. In the end James Whale paid a high price for his survival of the first world war and his glory days in liberal thirties Hollywood. As *Gods And Monsters* and Ian McKellen's performance makes plain, James Whale was not just the founding father of the horror film but of a cinema of difference that has yet to find its place in Hollywood.



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European Championship: Group One,

Wales falls a little flat and finds no comfort in a home from home

Ian Ross on Bobby Gould's problems before tonight's match at Anfield

WALES must tonight produce a performance to defy logic. Indeed, if victory is to be theirs, it may also have to beggar belief.

Glorious though the prospect of opening their Euro 2000 campaign against Italy at Anfield may be, it seems to represent a pitfall rather than a springboard.

The decision to stage such a prestigious fixture in England would seem to have pleased more Italians than Welsh, the dissenting voices claiming that to overlook Wrexham's Racecourse, or Swansea's Vetch Field while Cardiff's National Stadium is being renovated is to surrender an advantage.

The first to voice his concern was Wales's all-time leading goalscorer Ian Rush, and he will not be the last should Italy's new era under Dino Zoff open with a victory.

"By playing what is obviously a crucial game not in Wales but on Merseyside, we may have handed the initiative to Italy before a ball has even been kicked," argued Rush.

"You have to ask yourself a simple question — would Italy prefer to play at a packed small ground in Wales or a half-empty Anfield? I think most football people will know the answer."

And half full Anfield will be tonight. By yesterday afternoon 26,000 of the 45,000 tickets remained unsold.

"I would rather play at Colwyn Bay or Merthyr than at Anfield," added the captain Gary Speed. "I like Anfield and it is a super stadium. But

I am not alone in saying that for this type of match we would prefer to play in Wales."

Not that the Wales coach Bobby Gould is unduly concerned with the make-up of the crowd — he has quite enough problems with the make-up of his team.

With West Ham United's John Hartson and Benfica's Mark Pembroke ruled out because of injury, Gould's already limited options have been backed further.

Even so with Ryan Giggs and Nathan Blake likely to play upfront, there may not be room for the seasoned veteran Dean Saunders.

Gould often likes to preach caution but he would not be alone in believing that this particular occasion possibly cries out for the gung-ho approach of yesteryear, when the Welsh motto seemed to be: "Attack wildly and if we lose, well, never mind."

With the group also containing the talents of Denmark and Switzerland, along with the banana skin Republic of Belarus, Wales will be required to start brightly. Predictably, one of Gould's assistants the ebullient Neville Southall believes they will do just that. "Everyone expects us to get battered but we are going to turn up and we are going to win this game," he said.

Italy's league season does not start for a week and some players have just returned from holiday. "If Wales cause us any problems it will be on a physical level because none of us can say we're in peak condition, even though we've worked a lot over the last few days," said Fabio Cannavaro.

Wales (possible 5-2-1-2): Jones; Robinson; Williams; Symcox; Coleman; Barrow; Savage; Speed; Hughes; Blake; Giggs or Saunders.

ITALY (possible 4-4-2): Peruzzi; Totti; Cannavaro; Frust; Sereno; Albertini; Baggio; Di Biagio; Fuso; Vieri; Del Piero or R. Baggio.

Ukraine to test Russia at last

RUSSIA and Ukraine meet for the first time today in the opening match of their European Championship qualifying campaign in Kiev.

The Group Four tie finally sets up a showdown the Ukrainians wanted in 1992 to settle which country would inherit the footballing mantle of the former Soviet Union.

Russia refused a play-off but won the day through some smart backroom negotiations with FIFA.

Many Ukrainians witnessing Russia's economic turmoil and conscious of the Russians' failure to reach the World Cup finals for the first

time in 20 years, believe their time has come. To add further interest, Russia's squad is peppered with native Ukrainians, many of them forced to throw in their lot with Russia as a result of a FIFA ruling.

Russia's coach Anatoly Byshovets, the former Soviet trainer, was born in Ukraine as was the captain Viktor Onopko, their most-capped player, and the Rangers winger Andrei Kanchelskis.

On the Ukrainian side much will depend on the Dynamo Kiev captain and playmaker Yuri Kalitvintsev, born in Russia and schooled at Dynamo Moscow.

England embark on the quest for Euro 2000



Fishing for facts... England's coach Glenn Hoddle is cornered by the press pack on the shores of a lake in Stockholm

PHOTOGRAPH BY SHAWN BUTTERILL

Owen ready to rock and roll

David Lacey in Stockholm finds Hoddle at pains to deny that Adams's injury is a fabrication

MICHAEL OWEN has been greeted here like Michael Jackson and tonight the 18-year-old Liverpool striker will have an opportunity to put England's poor record in Sweden straight. The last time England beat the Swedes on their own soil the Beatles, along with their footballing equivalent, George Best, had barely gone into orbit.

Not that the present England side will care much about 1965 and all that as they begin qualification for the 2000 European Championship. Glenn Hoddle is far keener to revive the spirit of his team's progress to the 1996 World Cup, which owed much to the strength of England's performances in potentially difficult away matches.

If England can reproduce the patience and discipline they showed in Georgia, Poland and Italy then a first win in Sweden for 33 years will be well within their grasp.

Alan Shearer, who missed the qualifiers in Thiliet and Rome but played superbly in Chorzow, will captain the team tonight and stands to benefit if the attention devoted to Owen off the pitch is shared by Tommy Soderberg's defenders.

Victory for England would

not only give an immediate boost to their chances of making the European Championship in Holland and Belgium, it would also save any disappointment lingering on after the second-round World Cup defeat by Argentina. And it would also provide some much-needed rationality after a singularly bizarre build-up.

Hoddle's stock with the media, though not with the country, has never been so low after the publication of the World Cup memoirs which left reporters feeling they had been led up a muddy garden path. This morning, moreover, Eileen Drewery, the England coach's faith healer and guru, will be interviewed on satellite television, presumably the Sci-Fi Channel.

Yesterday the tortuous tale took a further twist when Hoddle reported that Tony Adams, who represents half the current membership of England's Book of the Month Club, was doubtful for tonight's game with "a tweaked ankle ligament".

Such is the England coach's record on being open about injuries that the statement was greeted with the sort of incredulity once accorded to any sentence by Richard Nixon that began with the words "Believe me..."

"You like to keep the opposition guessing and waiting,"

said one scribe. "Is Adams really injured?" "I'm not even going to bother to answer that," Hoddle replied stiffly.

In fact he looked too world-weary to waste energy trying to fool the opposition; perhaps he had stayed up reading his book. Either way Adams will have a fitness test today and should he have to drop out the obvious solution would be to move Gareth Southgate to the middle of the back three and bring in Martin Keown on the right.

Losing Adams from the defence, having already been denied the midfield services of the suspended David Beckham and the injured David Batty and Nicky Butt, would

further test the depth of Hoddle's squad. Liverpool's Jamie Redknapp is expected to fill the midfield vacancy.

Everything, for the moment, comes back to Owen. It is astonishing how quickly a football scene can change. At the beginning of the year there was a serious debate about whether Owen should be in the World Cup squad, then the argument switched to whether or not he should be on at the start of matches.

Now, after his goal against Argentina, the only doubt concerns the precise time he will score.

Hoddle is worried that a bandwagon now losing control will overturn at the first bend. He is not concerned

about the pressure on Owen to succeed, but still feels that people's expectations are running dangerously high.

"It's impossible for any player, especially if he's a goalscorer, to go through the season scoring left, right and centre," the England coach warned yesterday.

"Every player will have a dip in form, and when Michael has a dip everyone will say, 'Oh, something's happened to him'. That's unfair because there has never been a player who has gone through a season getting nine out of 10 in every single game."

That said, an awful lot depends on Owen getting high marks. Already his speed and finishing are threatening to dominate England's qualifying group. Bulgaria, who visit Wembley next month, will watch the Sweden match with anxious eyes, and Luxembourg, England's opponents in the Grand Duchy four days later, will trust that Owen's predicted loss of form arrives at roughly the same time.

A victory for Hoddle's team now, whoever scores, would establish them as favourites to win Group Five, for neither the Bulgarians nor the Poles, whom England do not play until March, would fancy having to win in Sweden to stay in touch. And Hoddle, while he

acknowledges a draw as a satisfactory option, clearly believes his side can win.

Certainly Sweden look beatable. A thigh injury has deprived their attack of Kenneth Andersson and their defence looks one-paced. The principal danger could come from Far Zetterberg on the right and much will depend on Paul Ince curbing the influence in midfield of Stefan Schwarz.

Yet all could turn on the effect of one of yesterday's local headlines: "Shearer in Owen's shadow". Dangerous words indeed, especially at the end of a week which began with Shearer glaring back down the pitch at St James' Park as the teenager went through Newcastle's defence as if it wasn't there; well, it wasn't, was it?

Sweden could pay for that result, and to England's profit. Goals for Liverpool's Jamie Carragher and West Ham's Frank Lampard, with a late penalty, gave England a 2-0 victory over Sweden in yesterday's European Under-21 qualifier in Sundsvall.

Sweden (4-4-2): (probable) Hedman, Nilsson, P. Andersson, Bjorklund, Karamark; Zetterberg, Schwarz, Marfey, Lundberg, Larsson, Pettersson.

ENGLAND (3-5-2): (probable) Seaman, Southgate, Adams, Keown, Carragher, Anderson, Redknapp, Ince, Schuster, Le Saux; Shearer, Owen. Referee: P. Collina (Italy).

London comment, page 8

Zoff walks the thin blue line but keeps his powder dry

Paddy Agnew in Rome finds Italy's coach giving little away in Del Piero-Baggio debate

CESARE MALDINI may have gone but he has left his successor Dino Zoff with the thorny dilemma of whether to play Roberto Baggio or Alessandro Del Piero in attack.

The question which prompted heated discussions in every Italian bar and restaurant in the summer has resurfaced for Zoff, who tonight opens his coaching account when Italy line up against Wales at Anfield.

During France 96, Maldini resolutely ignored the advice

of everyone from his local postman to the Prime Minister Romano Prodi calling for Baggio, Internazionale's new signing, and Del Piero to play together. Maldini kept faith with Del Piero and excluded Baggio, even when it seemed obvious that the 23-year-old Juventus striker was well below his best.

For that decision, almost as much as for the negative manner in which Italy lost to France on penalties in the quarter-finals, Maldini was dismissed within 10 days of returning from the World

Cup. So far, Zoff has been keeping everybody guessing. Earlier in the week, it seemed that he would favour Baggio who still looks the more in form of the two. However, at Italy's final training session at Coverciano, near Florence, on Thursday, Zoff confused the issue by putting Del Piero alongside Lazio's new £17.5million signing Christian Vieri, with Baggio in opposing reserve team.

When Zoff was asked for clarification, he replied: "I have a pretty clear idea of my team but there could be one or two areas of doubt, except that what is an area of doubt for you may well not be for me. For me, more than the

names, what counts is to have a balanced side."

Zoff comes from Friuli in north-eastern Italy where industrious, hard-working

and then to Juventus (1988-90) and Lazio (1990-94). Zoff's sides nearly always used a variant on 4-4-2, producing solid sides and good results.

He took over a club that was close to the relegation zone, having picked up only 23 points from 18 games, and lifted them to fourth after a

run of nine wins, five draws and only two defeats.

When Italy appointed Zoff last month he suggested that there would not be enough time to experiment with new players given that tonight's game comes a week before the Serie A season starts. Yet uncapped players such as Mi-

chele Serena of Atletico Madrid, Eusebio Di Francesco of Roma, Salvatore Fresta of Inter, Jonathan Banchini and Giuliano Giannichedda, both of Udinese, are all possible starters.

One of Di Francesco, Banchini and Giannichedda may find a place in a midfield which should otherwise be filled with Demetrio Albertini, Luigi Di Biagio and Dino Baggio.

In defence, Zoff has clearly opted for change having dropped Milan's Alessandro Costacurta, who was often used as a sweeper by Maldini.

The new-look central defence should comprise Fabio Cannavaro, one of the few Italians to emerge from France 96

alongside Fresta.

The former Fiorentina and Sampdoria player Serena comes in at left-back in place of the injured Paolo Maldini, who hands over the captain's armband to Albertini. Moreno Torricelli, who joined Fiorentina from Juventus, is favourite for the right-back berth although he did not play in any of Italy's five games at France 96.

In goal Juventus's Angelo Peruzzi, ruled out of the World Cup by a late injury, returns in place of Gianluca Pagliuca.

It may be a half-fit, new-look Italian team, but they should still have too much know-how for Wales.

people are not given to

loquacity and "likes to let the results do the talking".

He seems sure to begin with a 4-4-2 formation tonight, as opposed to the more traditional 5-3-1 with sweeper used by Maldini. In successful spells as coach, first to the 1988 Italian Olympic team

and then to Juventus (1988-90) and Lazio (1990-94), Zoff's sides nearly always used a variant on 4-4-2, producing solid sides and good results.

He took over a club that was close to the relegation zone, having picked up only 23 points from 18 games, and lifted them to fourth after a

run of nine wins, five draws and only two defeats.

Football

Remember Freddie Steele? He was scoring against the Swedes when England had no fear of becoming turnips

David Lacey



FREDDIE STEELE was one of England's leading centre-forwards in the mid-to-late Thirties. He was strong in the air and this, combined with the accuracy of the crosses supplied by Stanley Matthews, produced many a goal for Stoke City.

After the second world war Steele managed Port Vale and took them to the semi-finals of the FA Cup in 1954. In the

same season Vale won promotion from the Third Division (North) with one of the best defensive records in the league's history. Just 21 goals conceded in 42 matches.

The reason for recalling Steele now, however, has nothing to do with his managerial prowess or his ability to organise a defence, or even his playing record with Stoke. No, it is simply the fact that Freddie Steele was the last England centre-forward to score in Sweden.

He did so in the spring of 1937 when England won 4-0 in Stockholm. Earlier on that Scandinavian tour they had beaten Norway 6-0 in Oslo, and they finished by routing Finland 9-0 in Helsinki. On happy, innocent days.

Since then Sweden has been a graveyard for England strikers. The few goals they have scored have come from wingers like Tom Finney and John Connelly or midfielders such as Alan Ball and David Platt. Platt's goal in Stockholm in the 1992 European Championship briefly raised English hopes after a leaden scoreless draw with Denmark and France in Malmö had led to questions in the House about the impotence of Graham Taylor's attack. Then the Swedes scored twice, England went out, and the turnip legend was born.

That match also marked the end of Gary Lineker's international career. He was one short of equalling Bobby Charlton's England record of

49 goals and Taylor aroused the nation's wrath when he took Lineker off before the final whistle.

Six years earlier a free-scoring young striker whom many thought capable of challenging Lineker for a regular place in the England attack had also been hung out to dry in Stockholm. Bobby Robson was never really convinced of Kerry Dixon's international qualities and did not pick him again after he had played against Sweden.

The Chelsea player had scored four goals in two games for England the previous summer but half of them had been against a jet-lagged German defence in Mexico City while the others had been put past a United States team, some of

whom were more accustomed to playing indoor football with smaller nets. Nevertheless, Robson gave Dixon a further chance, which he blew as Sweden won a low-key friendly 1-0.

Dixon's misfortune was in coming along just as Lineker's partnership with Peter Beardsley was bearing fruit. At another time he would surely have won more than eight caps.

That had been Steele's fate. Welcomed as another Billy Dean he played only once more for England after Stockholm. Tommy Lawton was on the way, followed by the war. So what is it about Sweden that cramps the style of England centre-forwards — or, if it comes to that, Scandinavia

as a whole? Remember Graham Taylor's cry of anguish when his team about to lose a crucial World Cup qualifier 2-0 to Norway in 1983.

"Carlton!" he screamed at Palmer. "Carlton! Get it over the top, get it to Les..." Les Ferdinand and Teddy Sheringham, who eventually gave way to Ian Wright, led the England attack that night. That is to say they hung about near the Norwegian goal while the weeds of World Cup failure were sprouting at the other end.

TAKEN together, Sweden and Norway have hardly been a barrel of laughs for England teams, or those in charge of them, over the last two de-

cades. In 1981, following a 2-1 World Cup defeat in Oslo, a Norwegian TV commentator said his way into broadcasting history and the English press gave Ron Greenwood a hell of a beating.

Greenwood's attack on that occasion included Trevor Francis, Paul Mariner and Kevin Keegan. With Trevor Brooking injured, he played Glenn Hoddle in an unfamiliar position on the left. Hoddle was terrible.

Should England lose to the Swedes in the Rasunda Stadium this evening it will not be the end of their hopes of qualifying for the 2000 European Championship nor even the beginning of the end. Hoddle may be vilified in the newspapers but he can hardly be

labelled Turnip II, even if he has been dug up over his World Cup book.

In any case, what matters will not be the feelings of an England coach who is as disliked by reporters as he is by the public, but the extent to which Alan Shearer and Michael Owen manage to break a Swedish hex on England strikers which has now lasted for more than 60 years.

This week Shearer said he had been the intended substitute for Lineker in 1992 but that Taylor had then changed his mind and brought on Alan Smith instead. That was a good match to miss and if Shearer scores tonight he will surely begin to see the humble turnip in a new light.

Group Three: Sweden v England

Anderton still keeping the faith

Roy Collins hears how Glenn Hoddle's belief and a German surgeon's skill put 'Sicknote' firmly on the road to recovery

DARREN ANDERTON looks and plays like a man who could be knocked over by a stiff breeze. Much as he loathes what he hopes is his fading nickname, Sicknote, it has always perfectly suited the skinny, fey-looking, short-sighted winger who can imagine turning up for England duty waving a note from his mum to be excused training.

Anderton, 26, who plays wearing contact lenses, has started only 27 games for Tottenham in the past three seasons, though during periods of remission from his groin injury, he managed to represent England in both Euro 96 and this summer's World Cup. Now, thanks to the faith of the England coach Glenn

Hoddle, he is back in the team. I idolised him in me. I've had three years of hell in which I've hardly played and whatever people say about me, I'm only happy when I'm playing. When I'm not, I'm miserable. Just ask my girlfriend.

So delighted is Anderton to be part of the England scene that he is even happy to share his feelings with the press. Most of his team-mates would sooner make a dental appointment with Mad Frankie Fraser.

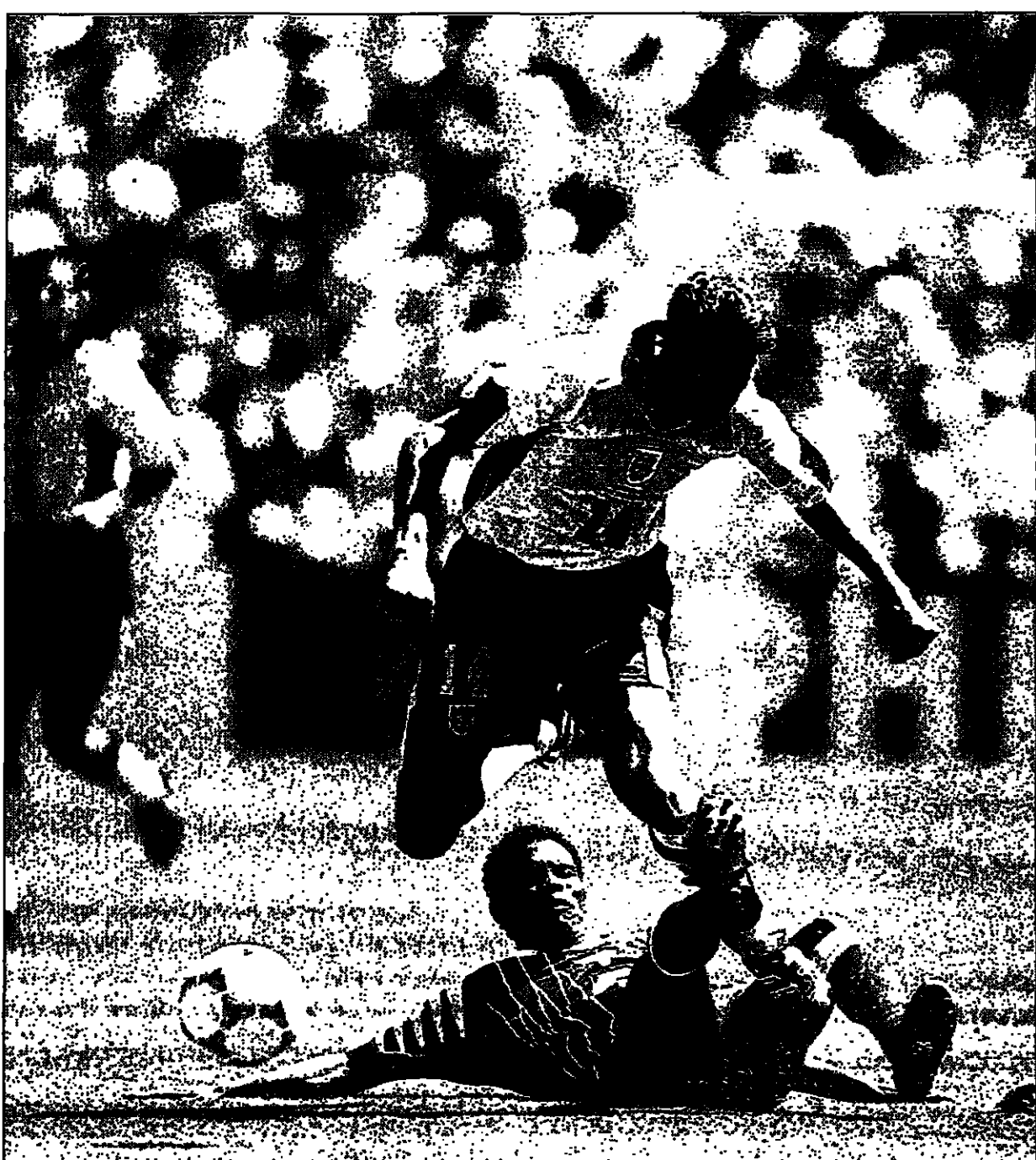
The England captain Alan Shearer accepts that interviews go with the territory but treats every question as though it were an unpinched grenade rolled under his chair, his piercing eyes darting around like frightened mice. Others, like Teddy Sheringham, sit arrogantly, baseball cap on backwards, as sullen as someone helping police with their inquiries.

So it was refreshing to hear Anderton speak openly about his injuries and the problems at Spurs. He admits: "We were shocking in the opening two games and the reaction from fans was only to be expected when a club like ours loses their first two matches."

"But before the Everton game we changed a few things. The players had a meeting and we felt it would be best if David Ginola pushed forward because he is not the best at tracking back from midfield. Fortunately, Christian Gross was thinking on the same lines."

The victory at Goodison Park does not guarantee that Gross will still be manager at the end of the season, or even for the next game. Anderton, who admits that many of the things written about Gross are neither nice nor fair, says that he has the backing of most of the players. He points out, however, which is something Hoddle would do well to digest, that "no manager ever gets 100 per cent support from everyone in the squad."

Spurs fans may feel justifiably aggrieved that Anderton has spent almost as much time in the white shirt with the three lions these past three years as in the white shirt with the cockerel emblem. But he believes he has earned any guilt by expressing loyalty to Tottenham when Manchester United showed interest in him. He



Taking a tackle... Darren Anderton is brought down against Tunisia during France 98

PHOTOGRAPH: ROSS KINNAIRD

also points out that he was "under Tottenham's care" when a seemingly simple hernia problem was allowed to develop into what, at one point, looked to have become a chronic injury.

"In some ways, Tottenham used me as a guinea pig. They sent me for keyhole surgery and they had me back playing in two-and-a-half weeks. Then I broke down and it was discovered that I needed another

operation." The seemingly endless cycle of surgery, comeback, breakdown, surgery was only ended in February when, on the advice of Jürgen Klinsmann, Anderton flew to Germany for an operation by the eminent surgeon.

Now, he says, he feels in better physical shape than for the past three or four years. He still does not look like a player who is a convert to creatine, the muscle-building

supplement discovered by British athletes and now popular among footballers like Ian Wright, among others.

Hoddle is unlikely to pick him in his new Spurs' role in the centre of midfield. Although Anderton enjoys playing there, David Batty is not. He may appreciate the need to get stuck in when fulfilling that role but, he admits, "I'm not very good at it. Besides, England have got a

lot of candidates for that position."

At least, unlike most of England's players, Anderton has happy memories of playing against Sweden. In June, 1995, he scored a spectacular last-minute goal to earn an unlikely 3-3 draw at Elland Road in the Umbro Cup. "We were lucky to get a draw," he admits, though you feel England would be delighted by another today.

Ian Ross and Peter White

PAUL MERSON's future at Middlesbrough looks anything but secure this morning despite the best efforts of the manager Bryan Robson to pour oil on troubled Teesside waters.

Last night, after a day of speculation, counter-speculation, denial and counter-denial, it was still unclear whether Merson would be wearing the red of Middlesbrough or the claret and blue of Aston Villa when he returns to domestic football next week.

What is certain is that the 30-year-old utility player will meet Robson immediately upon his return home from Sweden.

Yesterday it was reported that Merson was to leave Middlesbrough just 13 months after his arrival from Arsenal in a £4.75 million deal. It was claimed that he would sever his ties "within the next 24 hours" and that one of the reasons behind his expected departure was a deteriorating personal and professional relationship with Paul Gascoigne.

By lunchtime Robson was informing anyone who would listen that Merson was happy and that talk of him being sold was "sheer rubbish".

He added: "I have not got it in my mind to sell Paul. But if you come you get comic-book stories."

spoke to Paul on Thursday night and he was fine and happy. There was no suggestion at all that he was unsettled at the club."

But four hours later it became clear that Merson was to be the target, willing or otherwise, of a bid of around £5 million from Villa.

Although the Villa manager John Gregory steered clear of publicly proclaiming his interest in a player who signed a new five-year contract 10 weeks ago, he did reaffirm his desire to strengthen his squad, sooner rather than later.

"It is no secret that I would like to bring in two or three players," he said. "Gregory certainly has the financial clout to entice Merson away from Middlesbrough should Robson eventually decide to auction him off."

Robson's fear of losing another high-profile player is understandable. He has signed, only to lose, a wide variety of household names, notably Fabrizio Ravanelli, Emerson and Juninho.

Everton hope to complete the lease signing of the Italian striker Igor Protti next week. Negotiations between them and Lazio are nearing a conclusion and the Everton manager Walter Smith believes that he may have tied up a deal in time for Protti to make his debut in next weekend's Premier League game against Manchester United at Goodison Park.

Fowler in line for Liverpool squad to travel to Kosice

ROBBIE FOWLER, the Liverpool and England striker, may make his first-team return for his club's UEFA Cup visit to Kosice on September 15.

Fowler made a surprise comeback for Liverpool reserves at Leicester this week and is likely to be on the bench at least in Slovakia. He may even figure next Wednesday as a substitute in the Premier League match against Coventry at Anfield.

Fowler yesterday said of the theory that two out-and-out goalscorers cannot play together: "Let's just say the partnership with Michael Owen will be interesting. He is playing really well and I have always had confidence in my ability to score goals. But sometimes people forget that I create goals too."

Owen, meanwhile, is wanted by Lazio who have reportedly offered Liverpool £2.5 million just for the right to have first option on him if he ever decides to leave.

Coventry City have renewed their efforts to sign

the Wolves winger Steve Froggatt for around £1.5 million. The Sky Blues have had one offer for Froggatt turned down by Wolves, whose manager Mark McGhee said: "Coventry's manager Gordon Strachan has asked me a couple of times about Steve. I told the board and we declined the offer, but Gordon has now asked if we would consider a final offer."

The Birmingham winger Peter Ndlovu has surgery that may sideline him for the next nine games. The Zimbabwe International had the operation after his knee locked during training.

Dundee United yesterday paying compensation to manager Tommy McLean and Paul Sturrock to succeed him. United are next to the bottom of the Premier League with only one point from four games.

Queens Park Rangers have parted company with their chief executive Clive Berlin in a move thought to be part of a cost-cutting exercise.

The day Taylor's side began to become unstitched

Joe Bernstein on how England's wings were clipped in a 1992 defeat which marked the beginning of the end for their manager

THE immortal headline "Sweden 2 Turnips 1" which screamed across the back page of The Sun on June 18, 1992 sounded the death-knell for the manager Graham Taylor.

The 2-1 defeat in Stockholm eliminated England from the European Championship without a win, while the hosts progressed to the semi-finals. Taylor's actual end came 18 months later.

It also marked the end of Gary Lineker's international career, ignominiously substituted by Taylor with the match in the balance at 1-1 and the striker one goal away from equalling Bobby Charlton's scoring record of 49 goals for his country.

Watching from the bench, Smith was in pole position to see England's chances slip-

ping away after David Platt had given them an early lead which lasted through to half-time.

"We went into the game with goalless draws against Denmark and France. Confidence wasn't exactly brimming, but we thought we could pull it out the bag," recalls Smith.

Taylor picked a team to win the match and included two wingers. The problem was he did not have any wingers of true international quality available so it was left to Tony Daley and Andy Sinton to get behind the Swedish defence and provide the service for Lineker, still a world-class, if ageing, striker.

The selections of midfield Alan Smith, the workhorse Carlton Palmer and a Neil Webb lacking in pace in the starting line-up also raised eyebrows, particularly as Alan Shearer was left out and the top division's leading scorer Ian Wright had not even been named in the squad.

Even so, Smith says: "It all started so well with David Platt scoring. Then the alarm

bells began to ring in the 10-minute spell before half-time. Sweden started pushing us back and Lineker couldn't get the ball." Roared on by their

fans — "The image of Swedish supporters being passive isn't true," remarks Smith. Sweden firmly took the initiative after half-time and levelled through Jan Eriksson from a 51st-minute corner.

Then came the decision which was to cause debate for years to come.

"Graham Taylor told me to start warming up," says Smith. "I thought I was going to play up front with Gary, but instead he came off. I didn't think of the repercussions at the time — I was totally focused on what I had to do."

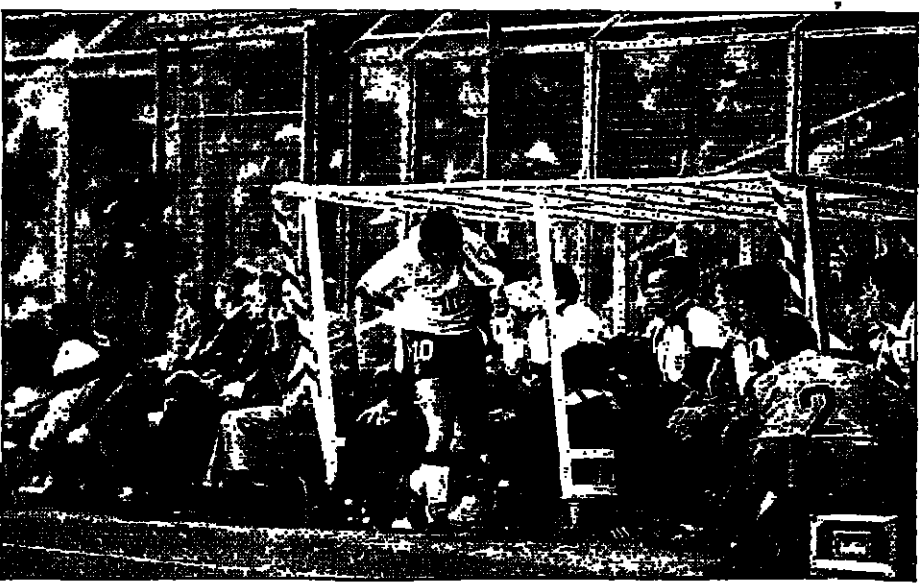
"But we were really up

against it and I hardly had a kick when Tomas Brodin put them in front. After that, their tails were really up and we never looked like scoring," he added.

"I don't know what Graham Taylor could have done differently. But maybe we were short in the wide departments to test their defenders."

Graham Taylor would later say that his mistake had been in not taking off Lineker in the previous match against France, arguing that he could have then brought him back revitalised for what would be the all-important clash against the Swedes.

The difference between then and now was that in 1992 England needed to win. Tonight a draw will be a creditable result. "I expect Sweden to come out and attack, and our key men will be Tony Adams, Sol Campbell and Gareth Southgate to withstand the onslaught," says Smith.



Last cap... The end of the road for England's striker Gary Lineker

PHOTOGRAPH: SIMON BRUTY

Performance of the week



Michael Owen (Liverpool), whose finishing against Newcastle United on Sunday brought him a hat-trick and Steve Gullit an early headache

AN Other

A wing-back more than 40 years before the swift, dedicated defender never left his northern shore except to play in away matches. He won 43 caps and several times led his country with distinction. Altogether he played nearly 600 league games for his club and later went into management. Now he is better known as the man from Aunty. Last week: Alvin Martin. West Ham United, Leyton Orient.

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Racing

Tamarisk has sound Cup claims

RON COX

NO CLEAR winner has emerged in the race to be champion sprinter this season and with the prospect of heavy rain changing the ground at Haydock overnight, today's Stanley Leisure Sprint Cup is fraught with problems for the punter.

The Elnadim we saw winning the July Cup would be an automatic choice on similar fast ground. But he had his problems prior to the Nunthorpe and ran no sort of race at York — over an unsuitably fast five furlongs admittedly.

The wife are not good for John Dunlop's colt again. He is poorly drawn and will not run if the ground does turn soft.

The July Cup is usually the race which provides the best pointer to the season ahead, and since placed horses at Newmarket have a good record here it seems reasonable to row in with runner-up Tamarisk.

Again, soft ground would be a worry. Roger Charlton withdrew Tamarisk from the Cork And Orrery Stakes under such conditions — but there is a Group One sprint to be won with the Green Desert colt, who is unlikely to find Elnadim in the same form as at Newmarket when he was beaten two lengths.

Indeed, Tamarisk may have more problems with July Cup fourth Arkadian Hero, who was breathing down his neck from an unfavourable draw.

The pair had also clashed at Lingfield in May when Tamarisk ran out an easy two-and-a-half-lengths winner. Arkadian Hero did not enjoy the run of the race that day and is

10lb better off, but Tamarisk was still finding his way after an abortive run in the 2000 Guineas and will be in better shape now.

Arkadian Hero could not find the pace to trouble Lochangel in the Nunthorpe and finished eighth, three places ahead of Elnadim.

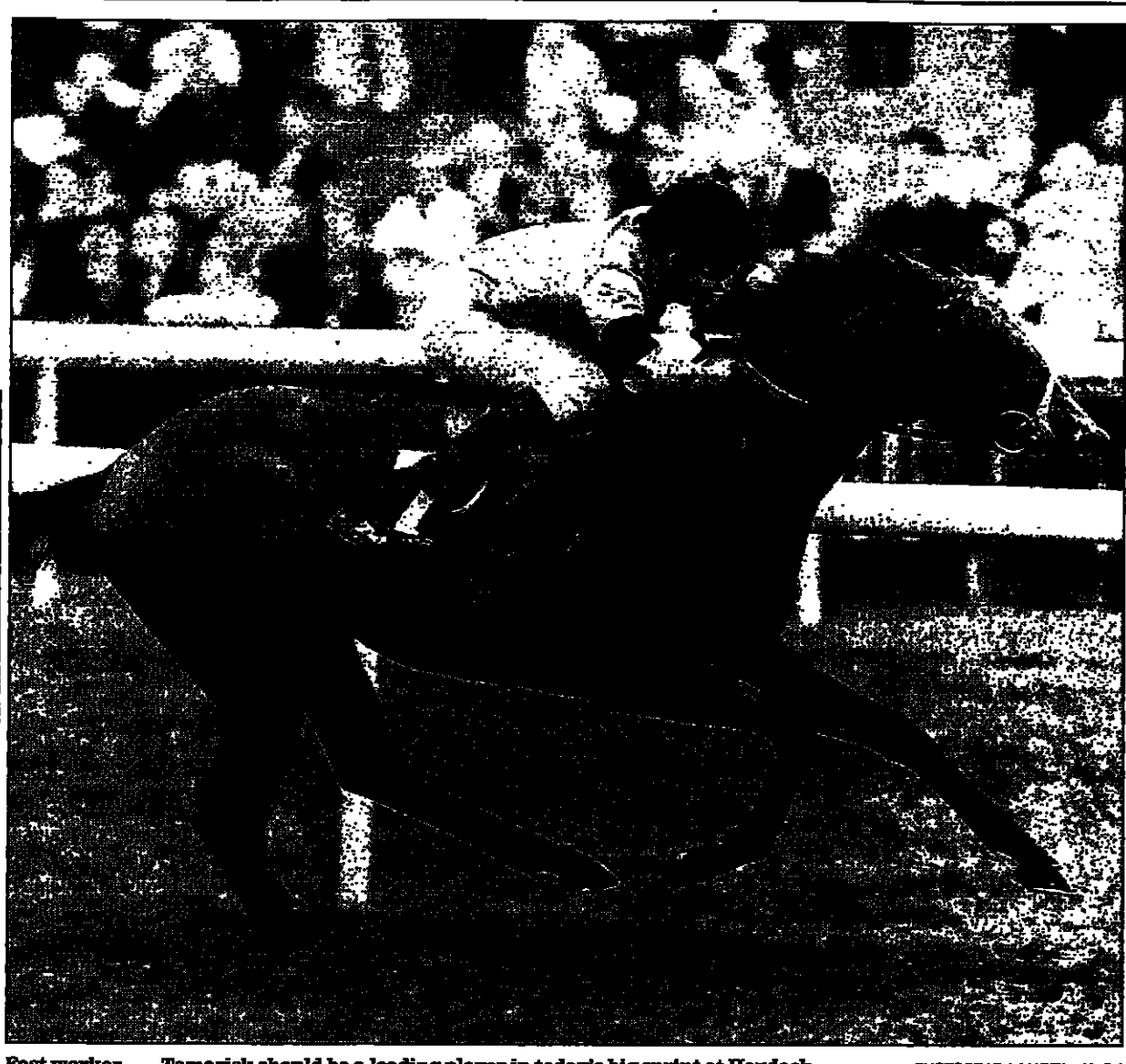
Trip, track and going were ideal for Lochangel at York, but she is less effective over a stiff five furlongs and is likely to run out of gas over today's six — her brilliant half-sister Lochsong was beaten here in 1998 after winning the Nunthorpe the previous month.

Backers anticipating soft ground have warned to Tumba this week, not surprising given his victory in the Trip And Orrery, in which he had Andrew's three-quarters of a length back in third and Cretan Gift another half-length away fourth.

Promoted to second place behind Royal Applause on softish ground here last year, Tumba has not been given a hard time of it this year. His recent poor effort in France, where he reportedly became dehydrated on a very hot day, is probably best ignored.

Bolshoi was the hard-luck story in the Nunthorpe, doing well to finish sixth after rearing up leaving the stalls and getting well behind. A strong late finish is his trade mark and he was far from disgraced in the July Cup (seventh) on a rare attempt at six furlongs.

With Kieren Fallon on board for the first time, Bolshoi could bounce right back to form. But provided the ground remains good, Tamarisk (3.30) and Arkadian Hero could fight out the finish. On soft going, Stewards' Cup winner Superior Premium may be the value from his stands' rails draw.



Fast worker... Tamarisk should be a leading player in today's big sprint at Haydock

PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN LYNCH

Red Ramona rates the best bet

RON COX

ROGER Charlton and Tim Sprake, the trainer/jockey team bidding for sprint honours with Tamarisk, supply the best bet on today's Haydock card in the shape of Red Ramona.

This lightly-raced colt looks to have got in on a favourable mark on his handicap debut

in the Stanley Casinos Rated Stakes. Though absent since June, he has been working well at Bechampton and it is encouraging that stablemate Spanish Fern overcame an even longer absence in tremendous style at Newmarket last Saturday.

Red Ramona (2.00) has beaten only three and a half lengths by a useful sort when fifth behind Dark Moon-dancer in a conditions race at

Ascot last time out. That form has worked out well, with Rabah's participation in the Grosvenor Casino September Stakes is dependant on the rain staying away.

With no Wave to worry about, Great Voltigeur second Rabah (4.00) would have a great chance of leading all the way since there are no other horses over most of his rivals. In his absence, Crimson Tide might be the answer.

John Dunlop will also be on weather alert at Epsom where Sadeau's participation in the Grosvenor Casino September Stakes is dependant on the rain staying away.

With no Wave to worry about, Great Voltigeur second Rabah (4.00) would have a great chance of leading all the way since there are no other horses over most of his rivals. In his absence, Crimson Tide might be the answer.

Epsom seven-race card with TV form guide

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
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1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

Left-handed, Upgraded 12m track, uphill first 4f. Sharply downhill to 4f run-in, then uphill to high third turning. Straight 2f, mostly downhill. Severe Good, Good to Soft in places. Denotes blunders. Draw: High numbers best in 2.55. Seven day winners: 2.55 Emperor Mahomed, 4.00 Fairy Hill. Blundered first time 2.25 Harry Clancy, Viscious Nona. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. Jumps.

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
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1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

Left-handed, Upgraded 12m track, uphill first 4f. Sharply downhill to 4f run-in, then uphill to high third turning. Straight 2f, mostly downhill. Severe Good, Good to Soft in places. Denotes blunders. Draw: High numbers best in 2.55. Seven day winners: 2.55 Emperor Mahomed, 4.00 Fairy Hill. Blundered first time 2.25 Harry Clancy, Viscious Nona. Figures in brackets after horse's name denote days since last outing. Jumps.

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

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1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
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1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
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1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10
1.50	2.25	2.55	3.26	4.00	4.35	5.10

12	Shedler's Bird (F74) A Kelsey 11-3	A	Index 32	30
	My Moon (F91) M Pys 10-17	A	Malby +	
	Compost (F66) M Charn 10-10		A	Harvey
	Lanchester Lee (F75) A Bailey 10-10		A	Wynne
	Lumax's Lad (F62) D Lumbert 10-10		A	Thomson
	Steam Whistle (F55) Aeg V Ward 10-10		A	Thomson
P	Thompson Lad (P2) P Hodge 10-10		A	Harvey
	Isabelle (F91) Miss C. Clark 10-5		A	Looby



Neck and neck... Tim Sprake and Liam Claire (right) get the better of Wenda in the Fortuna Stakes at Epsom

PHOTOGRAPH: JULIAN HERBERT

Fallon calm but not complacent

Chris Hawkins finds the champion jockey in good form on a winning day at Epsom

KIEREN Fallon, 46 winners clear of Frankie Dettori, certainly looks home and hosed in this year's jockeys' championship but he is not prepared to accept any accolades just yet.

"Apart from riding a horse the two most important things I've learned in life are not to count your chickens and never to refuse a good offer," says Fallon.

"I remember one day when times were bad back home in Ireland my mother decided to send a bullock to market but because we didn't get what we

wanted for it we brought it back and the next day it dropped down dead."

When Fallon got an offer to ride for Henry Cecil two years ago he nearly dropped dead with disbelief. Few jockeys would have turned that job down and it has been the making of a man once thought to be too fiery and temperamental for his own good.

But success has helped iron out the flaws and he is now much more relaxed and philosophical.

"Everything has gone so well I know I've been lucky

but whether it's me or the horses I don't know. I'd guess it was the horses — it's all so much easier when you're riding good ones.

"On a moderate horse you can go for a gap and by the time you get there it's closed but a good one quickens through and it makes you look good."

"Mentally I know I've improved. I'm more confident and think things through better. Last year when I won the title I still reckoned Frankie had the edge on me all round. But now I think I can read a race and ride a race as well as he can, although I know I'm never going to look as good in a finish as he does."

"If you wanted the perfect picture of a racehorse and

jockey you would have Frankie on board because he always looks so streamlined but with me there'd always be an elbow or a knee sticking out."

Fallon is talking leaning on the rail in the Epsom weighing room after victory on Generous Libra. He is full of bonhomie, a reflection of the lack of pressure.

"Last season when Frankie was chasing me hard I couldn't afford to let go. I was doing all the evening meetings and I was running on auto-pilot half the time. I felt knackered. But this year I've had plenty of suspensions and I'm still eager to go."

The suspensions he refers to have included the odd whip ban and Fallon is inclined to believe that too much fuss is

Chess 100

Stewart's Chess 100 is a book that will be a valuable addition to the library of any chess player. It contains a selection of the best 100 chess games ever played, from the 19th century to the present day.

The book is divided into two parts: the first part contains the 100 best games, and the second part contains the 100 best players. The games are selected by a panel of experts, and the players are ranked according to their overall performance.

The book is a must-read for any chess player, whether you are a beginner or an expert. It provides a comprehensive overview of the game of chess, and is a valuable resource for anyone who wants to improve their skills.

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Brain Waves

Chris Maslanka

Brain waves are the electrical impulses that travel through the brain, and they are the basis of all thought and action. They are also the basis of many of the most common mental disorders, such as depression and anxiety.

Understanding brain waves can help us to better understand the human mind, and it can also help us to develop new treatments for mental illness. In this article, we will explore the world of brain waves, and we will see how they can be used to improve our lives.

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Wolverhampton (A.W.)

7.00 DEANVILLE MAIDEN HANDICAP

1m 100yds £3,036 (13 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

8.00 MAINE CURIE CANCER CARE HANDICAP 3YO

7f £3,915 (12 declared)

1.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 11050 Diamond Drill (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

8.30 CLAIRFONTEIN NOVICE AUCTION STAKES 2YO

6f £3,236 (12 declared)

1.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 04150 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

9.00 HAPPY VALLEY SELLING HANDICAP

1m 4f £2,285 (12 declared)

1.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 69132 Zephyr (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

9.30 CHARITABLE HANDICAP

6f £3,322 (13 declared)

1.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 00000 Arletta (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

Thirk runners and riders

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

2.10 DEANVILLE SELLING STAKES

1m £2,610 (16 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

2.40 B.F. BUSINESS FURNITURE CENTRE

1m £4,055 (9 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

3.10 LLOYDS PRIVATE BANKING MAIDEN

7f £3,160 (12 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

3.45 YORKSHIRE YEOMANRIES FILLIES

1m £3,354 (18 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

5.50 LLOYDS PRIVATE BANKING MAIDEN

7f £3,160 (12 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
5.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
6.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
7.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
8.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

5.20 YORKS CANCER RESEARCH MAIDEN

5f £3,370 (24 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
4.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

5.50 LLOYDS PRIVATE BANKING MAIDEN

7f £3,160 (12 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

5.20 YORKS CANCER RESEARCH MAIDEN

5f £3,370 (24 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

Wolverhampton (A.W.)

7.00 DEANVILLE MAIDEN HANDICAP

1m 100yds £3,036 (13 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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9.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

4.15 TOTE HAMBLETON HANDICAP

1m 4f £7,795 (18 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
3.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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10.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +

4.50 CHARTERHOUSE ADVERTISING AND

MARKETING MAIDEN STAKES

6f £4,614 (14 declared)

1.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
2.01 30350 Kallie Golden (4) M. A. 5-10-0 M. Tabor +
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5.2

Golf

Rose and Faldo topple as Aldo feels his age

David Davies
in Crans-sur-Sierre

STANDING on the 15th tee Jose Maria Olazabal wanted to know where the cut was likely to be made after the first two rounds of the European Masters. His manager answered two-under par.

That let the Spaniard know he needed a birdie to be sure of survival and it also let a listening Nick Faldo know that he needed to birdie each of the final four holes to play at the weekend.

It was too tall an order. Faldo birdied the 15th, 17th and 18th, but a par at the short 16th meant that the first stage of his plan to make an early impact on the Ryder Cup points list was at an end.

His one-under-par 141 meant that this was the first time since February 1994 that Faldo had missed a cut in a European Tour event, and on that occasion it cost him his world No. 1 ranking. As he finished sixth in this tournament last year, the loss of points could be severe and he will probably drop out of the top 64 in the ranking list.

Even if he has secured the extra birdie Faldo would have been nine behind the Swede Patrik Sjöland, a man who is looking increasingly likely to be in the Ryder Cup team. Sjöland's rounds of 65, 66 gave him a one-stroke lead over Darren Clarke, Sven Strömberg of Germany and a local lad Christophe Bevet.

Colin Montgomerie, with

three birdies to start and three to finish, is six-under. Lee Westwood is four-under and Olazabal found the birdie he needed to squeeze in at two-under, 140.

Both the oldest and youngest competitors failed to qualify, too, for one it was the end of a fairytale, for the other a fairytale that stubbornly refuses to write its own first chapter.

A mere matter of 61 years separates Aldo Casera, 79, and Justin Rose, 18, as does the fact that the former was playing in his 50th, and final, European Masters, while Rose was playing his first.

Casera, who won this event in 1950 when it was called the Swiss Open, has been a fixture for half a century — a record unequalled anywhere — and while for the last few years the invitations have been based more on sentiment than ability, he has usually managed throughout his seventies to beat his age at least once in the tournament. Last year he equalled it in the first round and then beat it by five shots with his second round 73.

The diminutive Italian, a stocky 5ft 6in, has been some player. The swing is truncated now, but the huge hands are still capable of a crushing handshake, and it was with them that he fashioned his best score at Crans, in 1975, when at the age of 55 he went round in 63.

Yesterday it took him 21 shots more than that, which disgusted him. The game still has the power to move him and although he started the

second round poorly, being four over after six holes, he birdied the 7th. He cannot reach the green, 301 yards away, with his tee shot any more, and his wedged second ran through the green. But then, using only one hand for the chip, he holed it, causing the few foot-soldiers of Aldo's Army still marching to call out "Forza, forza!"

Thoughts of beating his age entered his mind again, but the short 8th dispelled them instantly. His tee shot was only 15 feet from the pin, his one-handed first putt ran six feet past, he missed the one back and this man who speaks German, French, Spanish, English and Italian resorted to some distinctly Anglo-Saxon expletives — thankfully *sotto voce*.

"I knew then it was over," he said afterwards. "My long game, it is still good but I take three putts, four putts, everywhere, one hand, two hands, it makes no difference. But it has been good. I make no complaint."

Neither, it is pleasant to record, did those who missed his fifth cut in five tournaments as a professional. "It's golf," he said, "there are highs and lows, but I must admit it's time the lows stopped."

The pre-qualifying tournament for the Tour School begins to loom very large, an event widely recognised as the single most hateful happening in the life of a pro. But if that thought entered Rose's mind he hid it well and, like Aldo Casera, summoned a smile as he walked away.

Tiger Tim marches on



Happy returner... Tim Henman, 24 tomorrow, gets the ball back to Felix Mantilla on his way to victory in four sets

ROBERTO SCHMIDT

Henman discards Mantilla with assured performance

Stephen Bierley at Flushing Meadow
sees Britain's No. 2 join Rusedski in final 32

ANYTHING Greg can do, Tim can do — well, if not better, then certainly as well. Yesterday Henman joined Rusedski in the last 32 of the men's singles here at Flushing Meadow with a 6-3, 5-7, 7-5, 6-4 over Spain's Felix Mantilla.

This victory was hard won, because Mantilla, ranked five places lower than Henman at No. 18 in the world, is an accurate opponent. His strength, of course, is on clay where British fans saw him defeat his fellow Spaniard Carlos Moya in the final of the Samsung Open in Bournemouth last September.

But the 28-year-old Spaniard, who is just a few weeks younger than Henman, is extremely capable of adjusting his game to hard courts, and it seemed certain that Henman would have to impose himself quickly and firmly on the scurrying right-hander from Barcelona: Felix the Catalan.

This Henman duly managed. Henman's talent has never been in doubt, but he is a man of great concentration, and the US Open is the most difficult tournament in the world to keep your mind on the job

in hand. They call it the Zoo, but most zoo animals have a much quieter time.

Henman has been striving for consistency since he reached the semi-finals at Wimbledon this year and lost to Pete Sampras. This, by and large, he feels he has achieved, and when he broke Mantilla in the Spaniard's second service game there were indications that he might win. He was, however, dropping his serves — Henman twice in the third set, Mantilla, crucially three times.

The final break which gave Henman this set was brilliant tennis by the British No. 2,

who celebrates his 24th birthday tomorrow. A lob, a cross-court dink, and a forehand stop volley were shots of the highest quality.

"I think some of my return games are still a bit erratic but I am pleased with my serving," Henman said afterwards. Two years ago he reached the fourth round here, his best performance to date at the US Open, before losing to Sweden's Stefan Edberg. "This time I hope I can go just as far, if not further."

Rusedski next plays the Dutchman Jan Siemerink today. Siemerink holds a 4-3 career advantage over the British No. 1 and it will surely be another extremely tough match for Rusedski who has scrambled his way through two five-setters to reach the third round.

Henman's victory was a significant one, as it marked his return to the top 20 after a long absence. He had been struggling with injuries and a lack of form, but today he showed that he was still a player of high caliber. His performance was a testament to his resilience and his ability to perform under pressure.

Siemerink, ranked 21, reached the quarter-finals of this year's Wimbledon, losing to Croatia's Goran Ivanisevic, an out and out serve-volleyer.

"I think all the energy Greg has expended so far might be a problem if he gets further in the tournament, but I don't expect him to be tired against me," said Siemerink. "I know I shall have to serve really well because I know that on some of Greg's service games I shall have no chance whatsoever to get the ball back."

The 28-year-old Dutchman has never reached the fourth round here and does not have a particularly powerful game, but he has lovely touch and won their last encounter in Stockholm last year. "We've played here and I guess this will be another," said Rusedski.

Davies takes a swipe at course and colleagues

Elisbeth Burnside
in Ballyliffin

AURA DAVIES classed herself in a bunch of fools after struggling to a second-round 75 that left her six shots off the lead at the halfway stage of the Irish Women's Open yesterday at Glashedy Links here.

While the overnight leader Sophie Gustafson stayed at the head of the field Davies had another

day to forget. With the opening day's calm sunshine having given way to driving winds with the odd shower thrown in, Davies claimed the course set-up was out of order. "It's a great course but the rough is so unfair," she said.

There are quality players out here, and we're being made to look foolish. I'm also sick of struggling in gale-force winds, hitting good shots but getting no reward."

Having shown loyalty to a tour struggling to attract sponsors by playing in seven of the eight events to date this year, Davies also criticised her colleagues who decided to stay away this week.

She and Gustafson are the only Solheim Cup players in a line-up that will see a short of the usual 150. "I think they're mugs to stay away," Davies said. "I'm very disappointed in them."

Rugby League

Paul to leave Wigan

Andy Wilson

WIGAN yesterday admitted defeat in their efforts to keep Henry Paul at Central Park. Paul's four-year contract expires at the end of this season, but Wigan had a two-year option on the New Zealand stand-off, provided they offered him improved terms.

However, earlier this season the Wigan coach Johnnie Reid recruited his fellow Australian Greg Florimo, also a stand-off, for 1999, making it impossible for the club to retain Paul and stay under the salary cap. The 24-year-old has already been linked

with a number of clubs including Huddersfield, London Broncos and Bradford Bulls.

Wigan are confident that Robbie McCormack and Lee Gilmour will shortly sign contracts to stay with the club for the foreseeable future.

Bradford's hopes of retaining their Super League crown have been dealt a savage blow by the loss of Tevita Vaikona, their outstanding Tongan winger, for at least four weeks with a broken left hand. Vaikona sustained the injury in the last tackle of the victory over Castleford last Monday and will definitely miss the rest of the regular season and the first round of the play-offs.

Vaikona is replaced by Matt Cailand for tomorrow evening's game against London Broncos at The Stoop, where victory would guarantee Bradford a play-off place.

The Broncos still have a 50-50 chance of qualifying as they are four points behind Bradford with four games to play.

Halifax were stunned yesterday by the news that their Samoan winger Fereid Fuliagi has signed a two-year contract with St Helens.

Wigan play Hull tomorrow with the kick-off brought forward to 1pm because of the poor behaviour of the travelling Hull fans here their last visit to Central Park in 1994.

Ice Hockey

Cooper's capital charge

Vic Batchelder on how the capital's first Superleague side landed a top international

IAN COOPER skates out with the London Knights for tonight's season-opening Benson and Hedges Cup game at Nottingham, a new contract signed and his immediate future in Britain assured. The burning question is why it took so long.

Released by Cardiff in July, Britain's most capped international waited by the telephone for offers from other Superleague clubs. Until two weeks ago the only calls were two from British National League teams and one from the Phoenix Mustangs in America's West Coast Hockey

League, a relatively new minor league.

Reluctant to step down a level here, Cooper began negotiations with the Arizona club. "Initially it was the only thing on the table and it was getting late in the summer," he said. "In a way I was looking forward to going over there and spent lots of nights on the phone to the Mustangs' coach."

Then came a call from Jim Fuyarchuk, coach of the newly formed Knights, who will become the capital's first Superleague side when they move from Milton Keynes to the refurbished London Arena next month.

"Things developed from there," said Cooper, who signed last week. "It's a tremendous prospect, to play in the capital of my own country and be part of the big new start for hockey in London."

Cooper, who will be 30 in November, has scored 678 goals in 698 games during a 14-year career split between Cardiff and his native Durham. He has also scored 27 times in 85 appearances for Great Britain. As Fuyarchuk admitted: "I was shocked nobody got in there before us."

Cooper's role as chairman of the Ice Hockey Players' Association may provide a

clue. It is a position he has filled with distinction for four years as the union sought recognition from first the British Ice Hockey Association, which they gained two years ago, and subsequently the Superleague — whose chairman, David Temme, is also the Cardiff president. Pointedly, Cooper will not speak of his break from the Cardiff club.

But on the back of an acrimonious dispute with Cardiff, he is now seeking to relinquish the chairmanship. "Initially it was a one-year office, then we changed it to two," he said. "I've done four, served my time, and I'd like to pass it on and broaden someone else's horizons within the admin of the sport. I need to settle down, just get on with the job of settling in here."

Tonight's other opening games in the seventh year of the B & H Cup include a rematch of last season's final, won by Ayr over Cardiff at Sheffield Arena, which will host this year's final on December 5.

In another development the icing rule has been amended and play will now stop only when a defender plays the puck after an opponent has fired it from his team's half, beyond the opposing goal line, outside of the goal. Previously no defensive touch was required. The change will be reviewed at the end of the month.

Sailing

Highland Fling joins Ngoni in a good day for big boats

Bob Fisher in Porto Cervo

IT WAS a day for the big boats at the Highland Fling. These two traded tactics to Magdalena, where they were joined by Highland Fling.

While the leaders headed for the western shore, and encountered the first indication of the wind's instability, Highland Fling was tucked into the middle of the channel and with more breeze separated the two leaders. By the turn at Spargotto she was 35 seconds clear of Innovation with Ngoni a minute back.

On the run Highland Fling began to pull away and Ngoni went past Innovation's third place puts her at the head of the overall points table with 24 after four races.

At the European Laser championship in Austria, Britain's Olympic silver medalist Ben Ainslie was leading overall from Andreas Bourghois of Greece after three wins in the last three races.

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Sport in brief

Boxing

Jake LaMotta, the former world middleweight champion, lost a son in Thursday's Swissair crash. Joe LaMotta, 49, president of LaMotta Foods, was bound for Geneva to promote tomato sauce. His brother Jake died of cancer in February, aged 61.

Rugby Union

The Bedford chairman Frank Warren threatened to sack outspoken players even though they withdrew their planned boycott of today's friendly against Cardiff. The players are annoyed because he has delayed paying them for two weeks.

Equestrianism

Paddy Muir on Archie Brown, last year's Blenheim winner, retained her lead at the end of the dressage tests at the Burghley horse trials yesterday, writes John Kerr. But her advantage was cut to under two points by New Zealand's Andrew Nicholson on Merillon.

Boxing

Woodhall limbers up for a substitute given no chance

John Rawling

BOXING's chequered history proves that nothing is certain in the sport, but the chances of Glenn Catley claiming the World Boxing Council's version of the super-middleweight title from Richie Woodhall tonight roughly equate to the probability of the promoter Frank Warren making an appearance on Don King's Christmas card list.

Catley, 25, only gets his opportunity at two weeks' notice, courtesy of a training injury sustained by Woodhall's original opponent, the former champion Vincenzo Nardello of Italy.

King's dispute with Warren is well-documented but Woodhall was an unfortunate victim of the fall-out as King outbid Warren for the right to stage a meeting with Nar-

diello. When King then failed to provide a date for what would have been the biggest payday of Woodhall's career, few were surprised. The contract reverted to Warren who could not have been shocked when Nardello was pulled out, necessitating the search for a substitute.

devoted following ensures a sell-out at the Telford Ice Ring, where he outpointed Thulane "Sugarboy" Mallina on March 27 to win the title.

Mike Tyson faced two separate assault charges yesterday after two men accused him of attacking them after a traffic accident. Tyson said he did not punch anyone. "I did not punch anyone," Tyson said. "The car in which I was a passenger was rear-ended. My wife and I were victims of a traffic accident. I am distressed by these false allegations."

Cricket

Natwest Trophy
Cup Final
0930 16 13 +

Match Reports

Derbyshire 24 v Lancs. 31

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The Guardian
INTERACTIVE

Solutions

POSSIBLE PUZZLES
1. a) any position except the central one (see b) below).
b) any position: Geach simply has to ensure the bar appears symmetrical for his opponent's move, i.e. there must be many chunks on either side of the poisoned bit. With whatever move his opponent makes, he will make the bar unsymmetrical. This leaves Geach free to render it symmetrical again. The final position left his opponent will then be the single poisoned place: a symmetrical position with 6 chunks on either side of it.

c) any position if it is even; any position except the centre if it is odd.
2. He must make the break shown. Whatever move his opponent makes, Geach must ensure his move leaves the poisoned place on the diagonal of a square array.
3. He should snap off the chunk shown. The place then lies on the diagonal. Then whatever his opponent breaks off by way of

rows (columns) Geach must do the same for columns (rows).
4. It must always take 13 breaks, as there are 20 pieces and each break increases the number of pieces by 1.
WORDPLAY
Wordplay: a, b, c).
Dropouts: SOLOIST
Words Without Ends: RENT
Brain Tube: a) OSCILLATE,

vaCILLATE, anCILLARY, (beCILLARY).
b) VIC+TIM
c) PAT+RON
d) all form new words when O is appended.
Vocab: Rebus: Florida (Florida)
QUIZ ANSWERS
1. Blythe.
2. Six Members joining the BEC (B).
3. One (Baroness Young).
4. Throwing the discs (men 2 kg; women 1 kg).
5. Small stone or pebble.
6. Split - s. Infinitive; first to

the atom; town Split; Banana S.
7. Puff - rapper P. Daddy; P. the Magic Dragon; a. padder; p. pastry.
8. Difference of 220: was 405 now 625 - phone codes 01273 and 01483; Naseby 1545; American civil war ends 1865.
9. Upper Big Bopper (died in same plane crash); Karl Popper, wrote a copper; painting by Edward Hopper.
10. San, San Marino Grand Prix held there; built San Simeon; San Martin, liberator of those countries; plays in San Siro stadium.

Cricket

NatWest Trophy final: Derbyshire v Lancashire

Autumn glory on the toss of a coin

Mike Selvey feels Derbyshire need luck to weather Lancashire aggression at Lord's

LANCASHIRE, nine times finalists and six times winners of the NatWest Trophy, will begin as favourites today against Derbyshire, with just two finals and one win — and that only from a tied game.

The Red Rose county, who have won by nine wickets, including last season when Essex made up for their aberration of the previous year by beating Warwickshire in a match that lasted fewer than 87 overs.

The sight and sound of disgruntled punters drifting home early feeling that they have been deprived of their money's worth by the conditions is becoming part of the tradition of a September final. All the playing cards would seem to be stacked in Lancashire's favour. John Crawley, who is having a wonderful season, leads their aggressive fast-scoring international batsmen. Graham Lloyd is in form at the right time after a double century against Yorkshire and Neil Fairbrother is an unexpected inclusion for England in Bangladesh.

They also have the seam attack to exploit the conditions: Wasim Akram, Peter Martin, Glen Chapple, whose bowling embarrassed Essex in 1996, and Ian Austin, England's latest one-day specialist. Derbyshire know, however,

that Lancashire's justifiable confidence might cross the thin line into complacency, and these occasions are not the place for that. A win now would do wonders for the club's credibility.

Cork and Andy Hayhurst, the director of cricket, have not been afraid to mix old hands such as Kim Barnett, who with a little more hair played in their previous final, and Phil DeFreitas, Man of the Match in 1990 when his early-morning bowling put Lancashire in control over Northamptonshire, with the youngster Ben Spindlove, who contributed hugely to Derbyshire's surprise semi-final win over Leicestershire.

They will be hoping that Michael Slater, rejoining the county briefly from Australia's Commonwealth Games training camp, can throw off his jet lag and rekindle memories of his first Test hundred on this same ground.

Derbyshire beat Lancashire in the final of the 1998 Benson and Hedges Cup so they will not be treading new territory. But to succeed this time they will need the force to be with them. And that begins with the toss.

LANCASHIRE (from): W A Atherton, J P Crawley, A Flint, N Fairbrother, G D Lloyd, Wasim Akram (capt), W K Hogg, P Martin, M J Gidman, P J Hartley, J Rhodes, M J Watkins, R J Challen, R J Green.

DERBYSHIRE (from): K J Barnett, M J Slater, R M S Weston, M E Cresswell, B L Spindlove, D G Gough, I D Bell, M J Harrison, P A J DeFreitas, V P Clarke, G M Roberts, S J Lacey, K J Dean, Stephen K Palmer and G Sharp.

Whatmore's questions produce final solution

Andy Wilson on the coach who has taken Lancashire to today's appointment at Lord's

IT HAS already been quite a week for Sri Lanka's World Cup winners. At Lord's today their coach Dav Whatmore, who left for Lancashire two years ago but remains sufficiently close to the camp to have been a welcome visitor at The Oval, is hoping to be a NatWest Trophy winner too.

It is hard to imagine a more testing introduction to county cricket than the one which Whatmore experienced last year. Arriving in a Lancashire dressing-room which included two Test captains and in which memories of the former coach David Lloyd were still fresh, he lost those captains for the bulk of the season — Mike Atherton to England, Wasim Akram to injury — while his own skipper, Mike Watkinson, had a shoulder problem.

It took Lancashire eight matches before they recorded a championship win; they recovered slightly but still finished in the bottom half. Championship underachievement is nothing new at

Old Trafford, of course, but in addition Whatmore's Lancashire had gone out of the Benson & Hedges Cup at the group stage for the first time since 1988. A humiliating NatWest Trophy second-round exit at Sussex, which last season took some doing, ensured that there would be no day-out at Lord's, something which members had come to regard as an annual treat.

"It was a difficult year and I had to ask myself some questions, as well as the players," admits Whatmore. The transformation this season, with Lancashire third in the Championship and favourites for the AXA League, in addition to securing their return to Lord's, suggests that he came up with the right answers.

He instigated 12-month contracts for the Lancashire players, who will again report back for fitness training on December 1, but describes his coaching style as "democratic, not autocratic". He supervises specialist

coaches in Peter Lever, Barry Wood and Peter Sleep and, according to the senior player Neil Fairbrother, "he leaves what we do practise-wise pretty much to ourselves, although he is always available if you want a chat. You can see from our dressing-room and the results we've achieved so far that things are going well."

Whatmore's knowledge that he had not been their first choice. The club had approached Dennis Lillee after dispensing with the services of John Stanworth, despite winning both one-day and one-day tournaments at Lord's in 1996, and might have gone for another moustachioed Australian, David Boon, had he not insisted on playing.

"I think I took Dav last season to grow into the job," adds Fairbrother. "At first I didn't know what county cricket involved. It's a different thing to the Sheffield Shield."

Although he was born in Colombo 44 years ago (Dav is short for Davenell, his father's name), Whatmore's family moved to Melbourne when he was eight, after Sri Lanka was granted its independence.



Ducking the issue... Surrey's Ben Hollioake takes evasive action during his side's slide to defeat. PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN DUFFY

Yorkshire v Surrey

Hollioake gets the shakes

David Hoppe at Headingley

IF YORKSHIRE needed an indication of the quality of the performance that had knocked Surrey from the top of the championship, it came immediately they left the field. Adam Hollioake, the uncompromising captain of the most ruthless team in the land, strode out to shake hands with each Yorkshire player in turn.

Hollioake does not make such gestures lightly but he had been impressed by what he had seen. Surrey, set 30 to win in 98 overs, had been trounced by 164 runs by test, and once again the quality of Yorkshire's pace bowling was indisputable.

For all the advantages to be gained from a green pitch which seemed throughout to bowl out the leaders below 150 in both innings required a consistency beyond expectations. There have not been many

occasions in recent seasons when Yorkshire have been able to view the absence of Darren Gough, their inspirational England fast bowler, with equanimity. Remarkably, this has been the case in the past few weeks as Glamorgan, Essex and now Surrey have been dispelled by a young pace attack hurrying towards maturity.

In Surrey's first innings it was Gavin Hamilton and Matthew Hoggard who proved ir-

resistible. Yesterday, as they crumbled for 135, it was Hamilton once more, this time in league with Chris Silverwood, whose best bowling stint since a month off with sore shins brought him figures of five for 30.

Surrey, weened on firm, bouncy tracks at The Oval, are never more vulnerable than when caught on crabby Northern seamers, especially when Graham Thorpe is not present to bolster the middle order. They now trail the new leaders, Leicestershire, by five points with two games remaining; the counties meet at The Oval in their final match in what has the makings of a memorable climax.

Ben Hollioake, at least, could clean some personal consolation. His 60, from 66 balls, represented his best championship score of the season and his languid pulls whenever the seamers dropped short possessed undeniable quality.

The sight of Hollioake's off-stump cartwheeling, when a delivery from Hamilton whistled through low, completed a Yorkshire victory which moved them equal fourth, 21 points behind Leicestershire.

Craig White's completion of his first championship hundred for a year had facilitated a Yorkshire declaration seven overs into the first session.

By lunch Surrey had lost four wickets for 50. Mark Butcher left aggrieved at Silverwood's lbw decision, Ian Ward sliced the same bowler to gaily and Alec Stewart's leaden-footed drive at Hamilton was grasped at slip by the tumbling White. A magnificent away-swing from Hoggard then had Ally Brown caught behind for nought.

Adam Hollioake was duped by Hamilton's slower ball, and although Jonathan Bairstow defended grimly for an hour, Silverwood finally found his sparkle. Surrey must now rediscover theirs.

Table

Rank	Team	Points
1	Leicestershire	100
2	Yorkshire	85
3	Surrey	70
4	Warwickshire	65
5	Derbyshire	50
6	Gloucestershire	45
7	Nottinghamshire	30
8	Essex	25
9	Northamptonshire	10
10	Worcestershire	5

Walsh facing cup dilemma

COURTNEY WALSH has been offered a new two-year contract by Gloucestershire but the 35-year-old pace bowler would have to make himself unavailable for next year's West Indies World Cup squad if he accepts.

The county have released the pace bowler Kanaran Sheehan but new one-year deals have been given to the youngsters Mark Coombes and Paul Lezzenbury.

Lancashire's Andrew Flintoff was last night named Young Player of the Year by the Cricket Writers' Club.

The 20-year-old all-rounder, who made his England debut against South Africa at Trent Bridge this summer, has been selected for the winter A tour to Zimbabwe and South Africa.

Scoreboard

Britannic Assurance County Championship

Warwickshire v Lancashire: Lancashire 220 (220) beat Warwickshire 174 (174) by 46 runs.

Lancashire: First innings 220 (220) (100 overs) — W A Atherton 100, J P Crawley 57, A Flint 57, N Fairbrother 57, G D Lloyd 57, Wasim Akram 57, W K Hogg 57, P Martin 57, M J Gidman 57, P J Hartley 57, J Rhodes 57, M J Watkins 57, R J Challen 57, R J Green 57.

Warwickshire: First innings 174 (174) (100 overs) — M A Butcher 57, I Ward 57, C Vaughan 57, Silverwood 57, A D Brown 57, B L Spindlove 57, D G Gough 57, I D Bell 57, M J Harrison 57, P A J DeFreitas 57, V P Clarke 57, G M Roberts 57, S J Lacey 57, K J Dean 57, Stephen K Palmer 57, G Sharp 57.

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Championship

Warwick v Leics

Millns sets up exciting dash for the line

Paul Weaver at Edgbaston

LIKE expert middle-distance runners, Leicestershire have taken the lead for the first time at the clang of the last-lap bell. Their victory by 73 runs over Warwickshire yesterday, their sixth in seven games, places them at the head of the championship, five points ahead of Surrey and eight clear of Lancashire in third place's unlikely chance of their second title in three summers.

Their win yesterday was a rather nervous affair, however, as Warwickshire, set 405 to win in 109 overs, sustained their chase longer than was anticipated against some indifferent bowling. Then there was the rain. It never actually arrived but it was pouring in the South-West and, everyone was told, it was sweeping across.

Just after 1.30pm the temperature dropped, the wind freshened and Leicestershire's bowlers became increasingly anxious. The end did not come until 4.12pm, when Ed Gidman's impeccable forward defensive did not stop Phil Simmons knocking out his middle stump. There were 26 overs remaining.

Leicestershire's next match will be at home to a struggling Essex side on Wednesday, followed by the now epic-looking encounter with Surrey at The Oval in the final round of matches.

Their cricket manager Jack Birkenhead said: "Suddenly it's looking a great championship after a funny old season. Gloucestershire and Yorkshire are playing great cricket. Lancashire have been terrific, we're on a bit of a roll and Surrey are having one or two hiccups. It's anybody's championship."

But if Leicestershire win the title their effort, in many ways, will be more impressive than in 1996. They have been without their captain James Whitaker, although he has been a considerable influence off the field, and Simmons, so pivotal two years ago, has had a poor season.

Warwickshire resumed yesterday on 46 for nought. In the third over Nick Knight, playing away from his body, was taken low at second slip, before David Millns, who had only 20 wickets this season, bowled three more in nine balls.

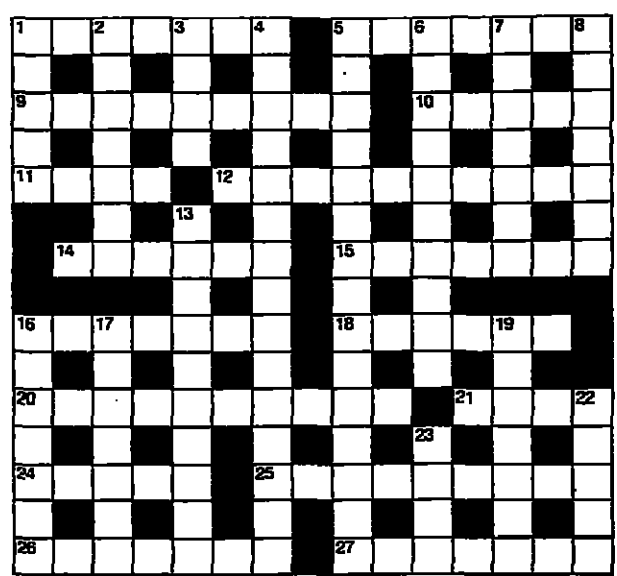
He flattened the off-stump of Mark Wagh, who had batted with some poise for 60, and had Anurag Singh lbw for a duck. Then he trapped Brian Lara lbw for five, not offering a stroke for the second time in the match, although it may not have been one of the umpire George Sharp's finest decisions.

Warwickshire lunched at 166 for four. Millns took his fourth wicket in the second over after the break, when Douglas Brown was caught by Chris Lewis at backward-point. David Kemp, yanked by an Alan Mullally no-ball at 22, and dropped twice after that, scored an otherwise impressive century before he was sixth out at 244, edging Simmons behind.

Neil Smith was bowled by Mullally to make it 288 for seven and then Ashley Giles gave Lewis his seventh wicket of the match. At tea Warwickshire were 399 for eight. Leicestershire took 11 more overs to remove Tim Munton and Gidman. The Seiders whooped with delight and a little relief.

Guardian Crossword 21,372

A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries. Entries to The Guardian Crossword, P.O. Box 6303, Birmingham, B36 3PR, or Fax to 0171 733 4735 by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday Sept 14.

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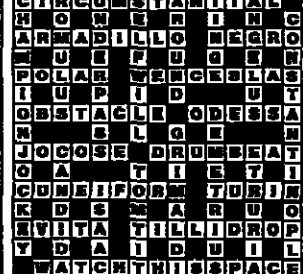
Set by Bunthorne

Across

- The majority of Chinese guides maintain the same sad expression (7)
- Make your bows from here, you mummifying old thesp! (8,4)
- Conservative politics off South for a change of headquarters! (6)
- Persian ruler unhappy in his work (5)
- Hepburn classic deception say (4)
- Vehicle needs deceptive oil change without it (10)

- Course for those travelling sideways? (6)
- Ovine type taking little from Gustav's Last Stand (7)
- Build a monument to the castle? No, not (7)
- Hated losing her comeback role in Wagner (6)
- Spanish approval and passkey opening his score On the Road to Mandalay (4,6)
- Yours truly has Kent out for a duck (4)
- Seal giving no entry to solicitor, usually (5)

CROSSWORD SOLUTION 21,371



education

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Health

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